

THE
PORCH
AND
ACADEMY
OPENED,
OR
K EPICTETUS's Manual

Newly turn'd into English VERSE,
With NOTES.

By J. W. late of Exon College in
Oxford, Student.

To which is added,

CEBES's Table

Never before Translated into English Verse.

By a LADY.

Epict. Φιλόσοφος εἶσις καὶ καρακτὴς πᾶσι ὠφέλειαν καὶ
βλάβην ἐξ ἑαυτοῦ προσδοκᾷ.

LONDON, Printed for J. Goudge at the Castle in
Westminster-Hall, 1707.

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TO THE
Ingenious Unknown TRANSLATOR
OF
Cebes Table.

THis truly is an Age of Wonder's, when
Women in Learning, and Military Men
Excel in Vertue ; when the Camp's a School
Of purest Manners, the Toilet is the Rule
And Test, of Learning and of Sence :
To wit, they ever had the best Pretence.
But Wit and Fancy now, sufficeth not ;
To th' utmost Pitch of Knowledge they are got,
Ingenious, is a Word too little far,
For that large Knowledge, and that mighty share
Of Sence and Wisdom, which *Thistlewaite* may
Claim,
Marsham, and Learned *Afall*, has each a Name
Which High does stand, in the Records of Fame.

To some of our Noble's also, some Few,
 An Honour, greater than their Quality, is due.
Carnarvon, Thanett, Bedford, and other Fair }
 As *Beauford, Buckingham,* and *Bridgewater,* are }
 Not ev'n more famous for their Christian Care }
 Of paying well; for Charity to all;
 For constant Piety, when the Hour does call;
 Than for that Depth, and Reach, and Conduct too,
 Which even our Statesmen do not always shew.
 I Name not *Maintenon*, because 'tis known,
 All these Star's in another Light are shown:
 I Name not Her, as equal unto Her;
 These far Superior, we do all prefer.
 Their Virtue, and their Honour, is as Bright
 As ev'n their Wit, and Shining as the Light.
 But she that makes th' Image to be Compleat,
 That fill's all Parts, and every way is great;
 Poet, Divine, Critick, Philosopher, &c.
 That's Thou, *Selina*! That's thy Character.
 Not only Measure, and Purity of Rhime,
 Not only Wit and Judgment do Combine }
 Not only These, and Cadence too are Thine. }

These

These *Behn* and *Phillip's* had ; but there is more,
That stately Turn of Verse ; which none before,
No Woman ever had, and but few Men:

This wanted, ev'n *Cowley's* admired *Pen* :

That Majesty of Verse, that Strength and Fire,
(Which *Dryden* said, Heroick's do require)

Ev'n his famed *Davidis* never knew :

The same, 'tis said, is now to *Congreve* due.

His Dairy Muse for Pastoral's more fit ;

Tho' he, like *Cowley's* Exuberant in Wit.

'Tis in this Stately Dress, this Lofty Mein,

That Divine *Epictetus* now is seen :

Thou bravely doest the Vicious Poets *lash* ;

That Plague the World with their Infectious Trash.

Their tatter'd Garb, thou saist, is like their Muse :

(Just Punishment !) Which to the Vilest Use

They prostitute : The Pearl they throw to Swine :

Which best become's the Subject that's Divine :

Strict Wisdom, now, and charming Grace are met ;

In Golden Numbers, th' Jewel thou hast set.

Philaethes.

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TO THE
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OF
EPICTETUS.

I F I for Epictetus did exprefs
A kind regard, when in his Native dress;
If his rough Form, cou'd my Affection move
And I the Stoic's Stupor did approve,
If I admir'd his reasons powerful Shine,
And thought his Notions had an Air Divine;
If then the Sage I did with Pleasure view,
How much he charms (Great Bard) reviv'd by you,
Unvail'd by thee all his Perfection's shown
Deck'd with thy Beams he's all o'er lovely grown;

That he's polite and fine, to thee he owes
His Power to captivate thy Art bestows ;
Thy tuneful Pen has softned his Address
No Sullen Brow, forbids our free access ;
Hail Epictetus to thy New impress ;
Thou'st learn'd with decent grateful joy to
greet

Th' Almighty's Bounties, and Canst bravely
meet

Cross Fate, not sneak to Death for a
retreat :

Cowards alone, fond of this Doctrine are
They're truly Noble, that can live and bear,
Of Heav'n we hold our lives ; thy weighty trust
So to abuse, do's argue us unjust ;
Oft worthy Sage I have convers'd with thee
But cou'd, to this Opinion ne'er agree,
Nor cou'd I think it glorious to stand still,
And let a Tyrant exercise his Will
On me, to please him let my Limbs be broke,
And in return oblige him with a joke.

Such

*Such mean Submission I cou'd ne'er admire
 Nor call it courage; but a want of Fire,
 Nor (but you had some merit) did I bear
 Your rude unmanly Notions of the Fair;
 The lovely Sex by Heavens self design'd,
 For worthiest ends, 'twas then I call'd you blind,
 In Honour to my Sex refus'd to grant
 You any favour till you should recant
 These Errors: Stoic this you've learn'd to do
 I praise you for't, but sure the bays is due
 To our Translator, he that form'd thee New.*

Selina.

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The Author to his BOOK.

AND wilt thou dare, beholding all the Road
Thick lin'd with Wits and Critics, walk
Abroad ?

But what hast got, ambitious little Book,
To charm the Ear, or take th' enchanted Look ?
The Learned Love no Muse but that, which Sings
With Swan-like Voice, or Soars on Eagle's Wings.
To please the Mob, thou ought'st to carry hence
A Tun of Folly in a Pint of Sense.

For more they will not hold, or cannot bear,
'Tis flat, if sober ; odious, if severe.

For nought atones the Age's dainty Taste
But shallow Notions in profound Bom-bast,
Fauns, Tritons, Nymphs, and Fairies of the Woods,
And *Cupid's* Bow, as stale as *Robin Hood's*.

Th' hadst better then stay here, than walk abroad
With nought about the like an Alamode.

Yet

The Author to his Book.

Yet for the Pass-port say, that we rehearse
High Points in smooth, tho plain and humble Verse.
If any asks thy Errand, tell him this,
To Teach you Prudence and the Art of Bliss,
Not by a tedious Search o're Sea and Land
For Honours, Wealth, and Posts of high Command,
But by due Heed to Truth's unerring Light,
And Care to sway your Will and Passions right.
This Spot, well drest, far nobler Pleasure yields,
Than *Eden's* Garden, or th' *Elysian* Fields.
But that our Heads are bound in narrow Twelves;
We need not Travel for't beyond our Selves.
Whose Thoughts are free from Errour, Life from
Sin,
With Nought without, has yet a World within.
Thus furnish'd thou mayst consecrate thy Breast
To a bright Fane, and hold a dayly Feast;
To Day, as having spent it without Blame,
To Morrow, 'cause the Task will be the same.
A Ring of Vertues is a Round of Bliss
Coeval with thy doing nought amiss.
No-Wealth with Honour grac'd must be our Store,
For who is Happy, if despis'd and Poor?

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The Author to his Book.

Now here's the Mystery of our Disease,
Gay Toys delight us, Solid charms displease;
We make things Evil, while we count them so,
And painted Bliss creates us real Wo.
In vain like wounded Deer we fly the Dart,
Which pricks us, when we bear it in our Heart;
In vain from thence we strive to banish Care,
While Passions, like *Actæon's* Hounds, are there
We send to Fortune praying her be kind,
Forgetting, She as fickle is, as Blind.
For in a Moment She both gives and takes,
And whom She lov'd last Night, to Day forsakes;
We earn her Doles with Hazard, Care, and Swear,
And one Hour loses, what an Age did get.
But Virtue on her own securely Lives;
And none can spoil the Treasure, which she gives.
Who proves her faithfull Servant, does obtain,
Compleat Discharge from every slavish Chain.
Sollicitude, Remorse, and Discontent,
And whatsoe're makes Fools and Knaves Repent,
At God or Man he never does Complain,
Nor cries, alas! i've wish'd and hop'd in Vain.

He

The Author to his Book.

He cannot be a Wretch but by Consent,
Happy, while he is Wise and Innocent.
In Bondage Free; defam'd, of more Renown
Than *Gyges* wearing his Slain Master's Crown,
Or *Cromwell* in his Independent Gown.
Richer than *Cresus*, tho' as *Job*, most Poor,
And rob'd of all things, wealthy as afore.
How so? Forsooth he Reckons nought his own
But what he borrows from himself alone,
Right Sentiments, Aversions, and Desires,
And Passions tuneful as *Apollo's* Quires.
The Soul's the Man, these are his proper Good,
His Heavenly Nectar and Ambrosial Food.
Nought then he loses, nought can do him Wrong,
While this is holy, modest, faithful, strong
To run down Pleasure, bear up under Pain:
For that's his Motto, suffer and abstain.
With this fine Front I send thee to the Press,
No gaudy but a pretty handsom Dress.
The outside wearing an inviting Look,
For the gilt Foril some may like the Book.

But

The Author to his Book.

But mind thy Charge (for sportful Youths may call
This Pack too weighty for a Post so small)
And deal each Card in *Epictetus* Name,
A quick-ey'd *Argus*, tho', as *Vulcan*, lame,
Who far'd like *Iras*, in as mean Abodes,
Yet still a Crony dear to Men and Gods.

To

The Author to his Book

Permit me to say, that I have not
been too weary for a Book to finish
and deal each Card in its own way
quickly & elegantly, as before, I have
been so far from being in as much
of a hurry as I have been to finish and

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TO THE
R E A D E R.

D*Esigning to make the Enchiridion intelligible to those, who shall be willing to read it in its Native Language; I endeavour to keep as close as I can to the Text; yet taking the Liberty, where I might pertinently introduce it in few Words, to gratify my Reader with some instructive Notion or diverting Conceit of our Author, recorded by Arrian in his larger Disputations. For his further Information, I have also added Notes, which I could not so well accommodate to another Man's Words: Which is all the Apology I have to make for putting forth this, after so fine a Paraphrase, as Mr. Walker has given us in smooth Numbers and becoming Language on the same Book.*

I shall only add, that as this was compos'd a Year or more before the Publication of his, and perhaps comes as much behind it in Dignity as Time (like writing Iliads after Homer;) so upon a Review, and some Alterations consequent to that, I thought it might not be altogether without its use, but that some Pleasure or Profit might accrue to the Reader by comparing them together; at least, that since my drift was to give some additional Light to this renowned Author, my Endeavours tolerably succeeding in that Aim, would be acceptable for the same Reason. I shall therefore without more Ceremony proceed to give you some Account of him, in reference to his Doctrines, and Opinions; shewing

To the Reader.

how consonant they are in some particulars to Christianity, as deviating from it in others.

The Enchiridion is a compendious Institution of all Virtues, which are here Taught in a methodical Order and familiar Stile, like that of a Tutor reading to his Pupil, or such as any Man of an abounding Sense and commanding Fluency, would use in Extempore Discourses to his Friend. Tho' of his Faculty in the latter, a Judgment cannot be well made by what is deliver'd here, it being only an Abridgment or Synopsis of his Philosophy contained in a greater Volume.

His Doctrine in divers Points is so like to that of the Evangelists, and other Sacred Pen-men, both as to Phrase and Matter, that he seems to have borrowed from them, either as having perused their Writings, or learn'd their Tenets by Conversation with the Christians of his time, as he might well do living under Trajan. I will produce some Instances out of Arrian's Epictetus.

You know, the Scripture calleth those, who suffer for the Gospel, Martyrs, i. e. Witnesses of its Truth; agreeably he says, *How dost thou ascend the Pulpit? ὡς μαρτυρῶν καὶ τοῦ Θεοῦ κηρύττωντος*, as a Witness called by God; come thou and witness for me, for thou art worthy to be produced a Witness by me: Is any of those things, which are extraneous to the Will, Good or Evil? Do I hurt any Body? Have I placed every Man's Profit any where but in himself? What Testimony givest thou for God? I am in a distressed Case, Lord, and misfortunate: No Man cares for me; none gives me any thing; all Men dispraise, all speak evil of me: Are these the things, thou art ready to witness, to the Disgrace of the Calling, he hath called thee to?

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To the Reader.

These being Scriptural and Apostolical Phrases, I am apt to think (tho' he serves his purpose of them, by giving his Scholars a noble Hint) he tacitly jeers the Christians, whom he sometimes calls Jews, sometimes Galileans, as pretending to great things, but living below their Profession; as at other times he traduceth them, by ascribing their Magnanimity in suffering Persecution, and all things terrible to Humane Nature with a Courage, which none of their most celebrated Philosophers or renowned Heroes could parallel, to Phrensy and Custom. 'Can some one (says he) be thus affected towards these things through Madness, and the Galileans by Custom? and no Body by Reason and Demonstration be able to learn, that God made all things, which are in the World, and the World it self? p. 400.

Marcus Antoninus, who together with his wholesome Air sucks in his pestilential, was once of the same Mind; but he alter'd it afterwards, when at the Prayers of his Christian Soldiers (the Army having been for five Days afflicted with Hunger and Thirst) he gained a miraculous Victory over Nine Hundred Seventy Seven Thousand of his Enemies by Water suddenly pour'd down from Heaven, most cool to them, but on the others a fiery Hail.

But to return to Epictetus, who in that Discourse, where he shews, how Passions are to be conquer'd by a customary endeavour to restrain them, hath these Words. 'To Day having seen a Beautiful Woman, I said not to my self, O that some Body might Sleep with her! and blessed is her Husband! for he, that says this, says also, blessed is the Adulterer; like that, who so looketh on a Woman to lust after her, hath already committed, &c.

Class not the Statues (Enchir. c. 70.) is equivalent to

To the Reader.

[do not sound a Trumpet] and he that considers, how vehemently he declaims against Vain Glory, or doing any plausible Work for Admiration, (a Point which the antient Moralists rarely pressed) may be inclined to think, that he took his Draught from the 6th Chapter of St. Matth.

His 16th Chapter of the Enchiridion seems plainly to be taken thence, and intended to the same Purpose. Ye cannot serve God and Mammon, &c. not profit in the School of Christianity, if your Minds solicitously run upon the World: Therefore take no thought, &c. So here, if thou wouldst be a Proficient in Philosophy, be not careful, how thou shalt have a Subsistence. For as Christ from the Consideration of God's Providence over the meanest Creatures, and his being a Father more especially to them, comforts his Disciples against Sollicitude about Necessaries, to which they were tempted by having left their Trades and Livelihoods to attend on his Instruction: So it's like, there were some poor Men of Epictetus's School, which entertained the like Scruples; and he answers them (tho' it be not express here) after the same Manner.

Cognition to Cæsar or some other great Man in Rome, would make you live secure and fearless of all things; and shall not your having God for your Maker and Father and Provisor, exempt you from Sorrows and Fears? [*ὅτι πῶς οἴσῃ*] And whence shall I eat, having nothing? Should Philosophers be more irrational and worse than the Beasts, which want neither Food nor Habitation? p. 108. When ye are filled to Day, do ye sit weeping about to Morrow, whence ye shall eat? p. 109. You see, the Arguments are the same with those in the Evangelist, and some of the Words. The same Argument he prosecutes p. 350. and perhaps it will not be unacceptable to the Reader, who is a Stranger to his Writings, to hear what he says on it.

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To the Reader.

Does any good Man fear, lest Aliments be wanting to him? They are not wanting to the Blind; to the Lame they are not wanting; and shall they be so to a good Man? To a good Soldier there wants not some one, who gives him his Hire, nor to a Labourer, nor to a Shoemaker; and will he be failing to a good Man? Is God so careless [*ἡ δαὲν* *ὁ θεὸς*] of his Ministers, of his Martyrs, whom alone he useth as Examples, that he both is, and well manageth the Universe, and is not negligent of Humane Affairs, and that to a good Man nothing is evil, neither living nor dying? But what then, when he affords me no Food? What other than as a good General sounding a Retreat to me? I obey, I follow, applauding the General, celebrating his Works with Hymns; for I came in, when it seemed good to him, and again go off at his Pleasure. And this is my Work, while I live, to praise God both by my self, and with one, and with many; does he not allow me Plenty and Splendor? He would not have me live delicately; for neither did he allow it to Hercules, to the Son, the Son of himself.

His Discourses on the Point of Resignation, may be only his Improvements of Socrates's Answer to him, who brought Tidings, that the Athenians had condemn'd him to Death.

O Socrates, to Morrow comes the Day,
When Death will fetch your captive Soul away.
If this Decree from Destiny does run,
Dear Crito, let the Will of God be done.

But the Epitome of those Discourses is so very like that of our Great Master, not my Will, but thine be done, that one might be pardonably tempted to think it but a Transcript of it under a Variation.

To the Reader.

I always will the thing that is done, for I count that better, which God willeth, than what I my self do. I will cleave to him as his Minister and Follower; with him I prosecute, desire, in a word, co-will. And this is his constant Direction, as the only sure way to Peace and Serenity, and the summ of his Philosophy [under Anno Domini, & a God, & a] will nothing else, than what God willeth.

*I was never hindered from any thing, which I willed, nor compelled to any thing, which I willed not: How is this possible? I have listd my Appetite under God: Will he have me be in a Fever? I also will: Will he have me to attempt, desire, or obtain any what? I will it too: Does he not will it? nor I: Will he therefore have me dye? I am willing to that also: Who as yet can compel me contrary to what seems good to me? no more than Jove himself. As a Wise Traveller hearing the Way is infested with Robbers, does not make bold to descend into it alone, but waits for the Convoy of an Ambassador, Quæstor, or Præconsul, and joining himself with his Company passeth safely: So a prudent Man doth in this World. There are many Robbers, Tyrants, Tempests, Losses of Estates, Friends, &c. What Refuge is there against these? He considers, if he join himself to God, marches under his Cover, he shall pass thro' securely: But how say'st, join himself to Him? If what God willeth, he wills; and what he willeth not, this neither himself willeth. How may this be? How else but by considering his Administration? What hath he given me as my own and self-authoritative? What left to himself? Things Arbitrary he has given to me, these he hath made irrestrainable; but this Body of Clay, how could he make it such? He has therefore subjected the Possession, House, Furniture, Children, Wife, to the Round * of the Universe: Why*

* To the Wheel of Nature, or Succession of Affairs, in which all things have their Vicissitudes, some fall, others rise, and all the Parts minister to the good of the Whole.

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To the Reader.

therefore do I fight against God? Why will (what is not to be willed) at all to have such things, as are not granted to me? But how shall I keep, or manage them given? As far as the Grant reaches, as far as I can; but he that gives, takes them away: Why then do I resist? I say not, I shall be a Fool forcibly struggling with my Stronger, but further and before that, unjust too: For whence did I come to have them? My Father gave them to me; who to him? Who made the Sun? the Fruits who? the Seasons who? &c. having then received all things from another, and thy own self too, dost thou storm against and blame the Giver, if he take ought from thee? Did he not bring thee into the World? a Mortal Man? to live a while with a little flesh about thee, to be a Spectator and Applauder of his Government, and to keep the Solemnity with him? and wilt thou not, having seen the Pomp and the Celebrity, so far as he gives leave, when he calls thee out, go forth cheerfully, and thanking him for all the things, which thou hast seen and heard?

Should we not, both delving, and ploughing, and eating, sing this Hymn to God? Great is God, because he hath given us these Instruments, by which we shall till the Earth; great is the God, who hath given us Hands; a Faculty to swallow; a Belly to receive; a Power to increase in Limbs and Stature by a latent Growth; to breath sleeping? These things in every Work ~~we~~ ought to resound forth to his Praise, and chaunt out this greatest and divinest Hymn, that he has given us a Power to understand these things, and to use them in a right manner: What therefore? forasmuch as the many are blinded, ought there not to be some one, that may supply this place, and deal about this Hymn for God in behalf of all? For what else can I do, an old lame Man, but celebrate God in Hymns? For if I had been a Nightingal, I should do the Works of a Nightingal;

To the Reader.

ingal ; if a Swan, those of a Swan ; but now I am rational, it behoves me to sound forth Hymns to God ; this is my Work, I do it, neither will I forsake this Task, as long as I am permitted ; and I exhort you also to the same Song, p. 127.

I shall omit his other Exhortations to Meekness, Patience, Forbearance, not revenging of Injuries, not so much as being mov'd at any the bitterest Reproaches and Affronts, but dealing with every Man as a Friend, Kinsman, and Brother, nay take care of them, as far as we may, with a fatherly Affection.

Now either he searched into the Christian Doctrines, and thence polished his own, or not. If he did, the Enemies of Christianity have no reason to go away with the Honour of those elevated Notions, which they stole from it ; if he did not, we may hence discern, how excellently fitted to Human Reason our Religion is, which even the Gentiles by natural Light could find out, as to the Moral Part of it, and assent to as most reasonable.

But as consonant as he is to the Christian Doctrine in these Points, he is as heterodox to it in others ; as I. That Men Sin involuntarily.

2. That Jupiter himself cannot conquer our Will.

3. That Women are common by Nature.

4. There is no Hell.

5. As a natural Consequent to that, Death is [μορμολογία] a Bug-bear, or Vizard, terrible only in imagination.

To the Reader.

6. Man is a rational mortal Animal ; which he may seem to assert, agreeably to the two former, in opposition to those, who maintain the Soul to be Immortal : For what has Mortality to do with Reason in the Definition of a Man, who according to this Philosopher is liable to no after-reckoning (there being no Hades or separate State) but to intimate, that his Reason is as Mortal as his Body, over which it presides ? Tho' this Presidency of the one over the other is an irrefragable Proof of the Soul's Spirituality, and consequently being independent upon it, may, if the Creator so please, subsist without it.

7. If the Room be very smoaky, the Door is open, go forth ; this he frequently inculcates, and makes to be one of the Grants and Largeesses, which God hath vouchsafed to Men, to wit, that he has opened the Door to us, when it is not for our Conveniency to stay in : Man, go out, and do not accuse, lib. 3. c. 8. p. 281.

This is a further convincing and undeniable Proof, that he had no Notion of a future State, in which Men are responsible for what they have done in the Body : For how is it imaginable, that any one so believing, should licence a Man as from God to commit Self-murther ?

But as bad as some of these Assertions are, they are the unavoidable Consequences of their Principles: First,

That Felicity or Freedom from all Disquietments is wholly in our Power. For since no Man can take Complacency in extreme Racks, nor his Mind be easy, while his Body is under intolerable Pains, which he has no possible Remedy against but by making himself away (for this may be the case of those, who have no higher Principle than that of Nature to support them) they must, to be true to their own Positions, allow that as the ready Cure : When Life is a
C Burthen,

To the Reader.

Burthen, you may be your own Physician by putting an end to it. This is the Haven of all, this the Sanctuary, Death. For this Cause nothing in Life is grievous; when thou wilt, thou may'st go forth, and the smoak will not offend thee. Epict. p. 418. tho' here, while they labour to save one Principle, they evidently contradict another: For if the Body be ~~an~~ another's, what have they to do to dispose of it without the Owner's leave? And if God brought us into the Room as his Ministers and Attendants, how dare we go forth without his Permission? he himself has opened the Door: But pray, who told you so? Or where is your Proof for it?

Secondly, That every thing without us, is nothing to us: all beside Virtue and Vice, is indifferent, neither Good nor Evil; consequently Death. But how can it be indifferent, if it be the introduction to another Life, where Men shall fare according to their present Demerits? If so, how can they attain the Apathy or fearless Magnanimity, which they make the Summum Bonum, and boast to be in every Man's Power? For even the best of Men being obnoxious to the Divine Nemesis for their past Offences (witness their Sacrifices and other expiatory Rites generally made use of to atone it) have Reason to fear it, unless they have some certain security against it, which without a Revelation they cannot have. They must therefore, to establish their own Opinion, run down the common Belief, by affirming the Nullity of a future Estate, and say with Epicurus, that Death is Nothing to us, because, when it comes, we our selves shall be Nothing. And this I doubt me, if searched to the bottom, will be found to be the Philosophy of the 10th Chap. of the Enchir. tho' a very good use may be made of it, as we shall shew in due place.

But this without any Design to corrupt Men's Morals (tho' it

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To the Reader.

it directly tends to it, at least is apt to embolden vicious Inclinations to a free Commission of all Impiety, as taking off the Curb, which should restrain them) but first to arm them against that Misery, which the Fear of Death creates, not only when it approaches, but while it is yet distant; for the Fear of the Evils consequent upon Death, is that which makes the present Life uneasy, and embitters all its Comforts.

2ly, By disarming it of its Terror to keep Men from those base and sordid Compliances, which they are guilty of, to avoid it; which is the Drift of the 28th Chap.

3ly, Perhaps to excite Men to brave Actions, and not to let slip the Opportunity of bettering themselves, and benefiting others, in which the proper Perfection of Man, consider'd as a rational and sociable Creature, consists. For nothing being to be done of this kind after Death, when we our selves shall cease, we should thriftily improve the present season, lest we lose our Being without attaining the End of it.

But farther, whereas they affirm nothing to be really Good or Evil, besides the Moral Perfections or Defects of our own Mind, tho' this leads to very great Inconveniencies; yet I suppose they had among others this good End in it, viz. to keep up a due Veneration of Providence, which they evidently saw in the Beautiful Frame and orderly Government of Nature, but could not reconcile with the unequal Distribution of things in reference to Men, but by asserting their Indifferency.

Providence (say they) would never commit so gross an Error, either thro' Disability, or want of Art, that things Good and Evil should promiscuously happen to Men Good

To the Reader.

and Evil ; but Death and Life, Glory and Dis-glory, Pain and Pleasure, Wealth and Poverty happen alike to Men Good and Evil, being neither fair nor foul ; therefore they are neither Good nor Evil. Anton. l. 2. Sect. 8. p. 41.

Which is as much as to say, we can by no means admit such things to be Good or Evil ; for then we should accuse Providence as guilty of a great Over-sight in distributing them so unevenly. Whereas therefore some say, Wealth, Poverty, &c. happen to all alike ; therefore there is no Providence, else it would not distribute the Goods and Evils of Life so unequally ; our Authors reply, these things are neither Good nor Evil ; therefore Providence is not to be taxed for making such a Distribution. And so they think (tho' it be contrary to the sense of all Mankind) they have found out a short and easy Way to solve that grand Riddle, which was so perplexing to several of the inspired, as well as Gentile Authors. Si Dii sint, cur bonis male, & malis bene ? They fare ill ! these well ! cry you Mercy ; what upon the Account of Externals ? Why there is nothing Good or Evil in them.

But as much as they honestly, tho' by a ridiculous Medium, endeavour to succour Providence one way, by freeing it from the Imputation of an unequal Distribution, they sink it the other by leaving it none at all. For if there be nothing good but Virtue, how shall God reward it ? if nothing Evil but Vice, how shall he punish it ? To which they answer, Vice is its own Punishment, and Virtue its own Reward. Thus they streighten the Reins to Virtue, and let them loose to Vice, and rob God of his greatest Honour, which all Nations have ever pay'd him : While they looked on him as an Avenger of Impiety, and a Rewarder of them that do well. All that they should infer from the uneven Dispensa-

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To the Reader.

tion of things, is, that this Life is not the season of Recompences and Distinctions.

But avoiding these Rocks, as they give us very wholesome Instructions, so their Philosophy to them, that can swallow it intirely, is a pretty artificial way of making Men content and easy under their Circumstances, whatever they are, on the strength of Imagination, like crede, quòd habes, & habes. For 'tis but to fancy, be the thing never so afflicting, that it is no real Evil; or the contrary to it, how desirable soever, but a seeming Good (i. e. 'tis but to believe in either case contrary to sense and the most radicated Inclinations of Nature, as in the case of Health or acute Pain) and all disturbing Passions will instantly be hush'd. For why should a Man be troubled for missing or being robb'd of what is not Good? or falling into that which is no Evil?

And certainly if we can bring our selves to be of the Opinion, that all exterior things are of that Nature (as with some Abatements and Exceptions perhaps we may) it will go very far to make us happy. For it being once believ'd, that Riches, Honours, Empires and the like, are not real Goods (as they are not absolutely such, not necessary to our well-being; I may enjoy my self, tho' I want Affluence, Splendor, or Command) why should I eagerly covet them my self, or envy them to another? Why vex and fret, that I cannot get them? or mourn, if I am outed of their Possession? What need of Anger, Emulation, and Quarrels about things, which are nothing worth, as our Author calls them; or not much better, as they may without Disparagement to them or their Owners, be called by us?

Again, if we can perswade our selves, that Poverty, Affront, Disgrace, Chains, Banishment, and Death it self, are no real Evils, or (if we cannot admit that in the full
Lati-

To the Reader.

Latitude thereof, it being pretty hard for a Man under the Burthen of extreme Poverty or racking Disease, when he feels it to be a great Evil, to count it none) are not such Evils, as can prejudice our main Felicity, which will do as well; what Room is there left for Fear, Sorrow, Lamentation, or any other afflicting Passion? Or what can disturb the Peace of my Mind, while I look on the very worst of things (as the World esteems them) as harmless? Especially if I add to this (the Defect whereof is the great Blemish of his Philosophy, and contrary to the Hypothesis of the best Poets and Philosophers, who allowed an Elysium or the like Beatific Mansion for virtuous Souls after Death) that, as God governs the World by a wise and just Providence, and takes care of every particular Man and Thing, as he also teacheth: So he hath reserved for me a blissful Seat in the other World, where he will make me an ample Recompence for all the Troubles, wherewith he exercises me for the Trial of my Patience and other Graces in this.

I will now give you a short Abstract of his Philosophy, and conclude.

Man's Happiness consists in Apathy, i. e. in a Freedom from all disturbing Passions: The Means to Apathy is Virtue. The Way to Virtue is a firm Persuasion and constant Remembrance, that this is the only Good, which is efficient of our Happiness. And both are in our Power; for who can hinder us so to believe, and so to act? Our Thoughts and Wills are our own, no Man has Authority over them but our selves. The effect indeed (as when I would do an Act of Justice or Beneficence to Men, or somewhat useful or recreative to my self, as eat, drink, walk, &c.) may be hinder'd; but the [ἡσυχία] the Essay, the Endeavour it self, which is in my Soul, the Bent or Tendency of my Mind towards it, cannot. And if I attempt or move towards it [καὶ ἐν τῇ ψυχῇ] with this Proviso and secret Exception, if

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To the Reader.

if God permit, if nothing, which he has made stronger than me in the Case, oppose (for my Business is to comply with his Government, whose Law is, that the stronger should prevail in that, wherein it is stronger; and to attend the moral Administration of my own Affairs, unconcern'd for other Matters, which being extrinsecal to my Mind are nothing to me) then I shall never be crost or hinder'd, as having never aim'd at any external thing absolutely, but with Subordination to his Pleasure.

And as long as I do that, to which my own Nature leads, and submit to what the common Nature allots, nothing without ought to create me any Trouble within. For it is evil but in imagination, then only hurtful, when I esteem it so; when I fear it distant, grieve at it present, or am angry at those, who are the Causes of it. For prevention of which I must rectify my judgment by looking on all things, except Virtue and Vice, as indifferent. Cast out the Opinion, and thou art safe.

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Epicetus's Enchiridion *Translated, &c.*

C H A P. I.

Some Things beyond our Reach without
us stand, 70
Some lodg'd within us stoop to our Com-
mand.

Desire, Aversion, Sentiment, Essay 71
Are humble Subjects to our native sway,
With every Work, which we can call our own, 74
Body and Goods with Empire and Renown,
And every Work improperly call'd Ours
Is not our Vassal, but a Foreign Power's. 16.

D

Chap.

C H A P. II.

Things lodg'd within us are by Nature free,
 The Author's Will is their sole Destiny.
 They scorn all Lets and Bars from outward Force,
 Self-potent in their arbitrary Course.
 For who can chain a Thought? what Lord controul
 The Motions of an independent Soul?
 But things without the Province of our Mind
 Are servile, weak, and easily confin'd,
 An other's, Born not to command, but pay
 A mean Submission to each stronger Sway.

C H A P. III.

Now mind, if you for free-born things shall take 74
 What Nature did for servile Uses make,
 Or fondly think your proper Good to lie
 In ought, that hangs on foreign Courtesy;
 Then you'll be crost, and troubl'd, and accuse
 Both Gods and Men for the unkind Abuse,

* So far
 As frustration of
 Reasoning

As having taken by undue Distress,
 What you by juster Title should possess.
 But if you take for yours, but what's your own,
 And deem an other's to be his alone,
 Then none shall force you, no Man shall restrain, 75
 Nor yet your self at any one complain ;
 There's none shall hurt you, you shall have no Foe,
 Nor ought a-cross to your own Pleasure go.

— *

For since what you call yours, is all enshrin'd
 In the safe Temple of a sober Mind,
 A Mind resolv'd to act, as Nature guides
 And chuse the Share, which Providence divides ;
 Who can impede your Race towards this Goal,
 Or pluck the Garland from your crowned Soul ?
 What Room for Anger, Fear, Complaint or Moan,
 Since, when all's taken, still you keep your own ?
 So happy's he, whom Truth and Vertue arm ;
 And where's your Foe, when none can do you
 harm ?

* So far the Chapter ; what follows is a Proof and Illustration of the precedent Doctrine out of his own Words and Reasonings, Epict. lib. 3. c. 10. p. 287.

C H A P. IV.

At such brave Hights since therefore you aspire,
 Mind this, to court them with no mean Desire. 76
 But some things you must totally reject, 77
 And others for the present Time neglect. *ib.*
 But if withal you would be Rich or Reign,
 Perhaps you'll neither Wealth nor Empire gain;
 Because with nobler Wishes once possess'd,
 These indispos'd you for a meaner Quest:
 Before you'll fail of those, by which alone
 Felicity and Freedom may be won.

C H A P. V.

Strait then to each disturbing Image cry, 78
 Thou'rt but an Image, no Reality.
 Next measure it by some authentic Test,
 And chiefly by the Canon here express'd.
 Does it relate to things in our Command?
 Or others, which without our Province stand?

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If to the latter, let your Answer be
At Fingers end, that this is Nought to Me. 80

C H A P. VI.

76 Remember, 'tis the Promise of Desire
77 To gain the Good, to which you did aspire ;
ib. Aversion's Promise is, that you shall be
A Prize to Nought, which you as evil flee.
Unhappy 's he, whose Wishes are not won,
A Wretch, who feels the Mischief, he did shun.
Now if you shun such only things, as steer
Cross to the Motions of your proper Sphere,
If childish Error, and unmanly Vice,
And whatsoe'er confronts your being Wise,
Secure from all the Objects of your Hate,
78 No Evil, which you shun, shall on you wait :
But if you run from Sickness, Want, or Death,
In wretched Means you'll spend your sighing Breath.

C H A P. VII.

Let your Aversion therefore move away 130
 From all things Foreign to your Native Sway,
 And fix it self on such alone, as steer
 Crosse to the Motions of your proper Sphere ;
 Shun childish Error and unmanly Vice,
 Admit no Passion banish'd by the Wise.
 At present all intense Desires unbend ; 81
 For if your unskill'd Appetite extend
 To ought, which will not to your Flag strike fail,
 You'll miss your Aims, and baffl'd Hopes bewail.
 Those others too, you might with Praise desire,
 Aloft beyond your present Reach retire. 83
 If then you would not mourn your own Defeats,
 Use only light Accesses and Retreats ; 84
 With an Exception, if 'tis in your Pow'r, *ib.*
 And Fortune aids you with a friendly Hour.
 Degrees, not Leaps, Top-vertues should arrest :
 A Mean for Youths and Novices is best.

Chap.

C H A P. VIII.

130 Whatever with Delight the Soul does move,
Serves our Occasions, or attracts our Love :
Remember to distinguish well each kind,
And think, what 'tis, that now affects your Mind.
And first begin with things of smallest Rate,
With Ease 'twill lead you to an higher State.
81 Is it a Pot ? so count it ; for, when broke,
The Chance no Grief or Passion will provoke.
ail, So when your Wife or little Child you kifs,
l. Think, 'tis an Human, no Immortal Bliss :
83 For when Death lays the Darling in its Urn,
5, You'll not at all, or very gently mourn.
24
ib.

C H A P. IX.

When any Work you take in Hand, remind
What sort of Business you have now design'd.
If to the Bath a washing you would go,
Forecast, what Scene that Stage is wont to show.

Some rail, some steal, some juggle for the Place,
 And some throw Water in the Stander's Face :
 So you shall seize it with a safe Arrest,
 If to your self this Counsel you suggest.
 I came to wash my Body, and to ward
 My prudent Choice with Nature's decent Guard ;
 (So for the rest) for thus when ought shall clash
 With your fair Purpose quietly to wash,
 You have your Answer at your Finger's end,
 It was not this alone, I did intend,
 To bath my Body, but withal to ward
 My prudent Choice with Nature's decent Guard,
 To tune my Actions still to Reason's Voice,
 And at my Lot, howe'er it fall, rejoice ;
 But this I fail to do, if mov'd to Wrath
 By the ill usage of th' uncivil Bath.

C H A P. X.

Things are not grievous, till we count them so,
 Wrong Notions are the Source of all our Wo.

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Death for Example has no Pow'r * to scare, 86

Else dreadful 'twould to *Socrates* appear.

(For what is 't? but a Vizard; † does it fright?

Turn it, and learn; see, how it does not bite)

But the poor Fancy, which we entertain

Of Death as dreadful, that's the killing Pain.

When therefore we are hinder'd, griev'd, or scar'd,

'Tis we the poison'd Arrow have prepar'd;

Let's not an other, but our selves accuse,

Whose sole Opinions gave the grand Abuse.

Th' unletter'd Person under some mischance 91

Complains, that others led th' unhappy Dance;

A Learner blames himself; but he, that's grown

A ripe Proficient, lays the Blame on none.

CHAP. XI.

Ne'er prize your self, nor ring applauding Peals

For that Perfection, which in others dwells.

* Either a good Man believing the Soul's Immortality, or perhaps an evil Man disbelieving it. But sure if he looks on it as an In-let to another Life, where he must answer for his Crimes in this, it will appear no such Scare-crow, as this Author makes it.

† Epict. l. 2. p. 170.

Proud of his Beauty should a stately Horse
 Say, I am fair and fit for any Course,
 This would be venial in the prancing Steed,
 It suits his Genius, and becomes his Breed.
 But when you vaunting say, I ride as fair
 And swift a Steed as any Cavalier:
 St. George on Horse-back scarce appear'd so fine,
 As I well clad and mounted do on mine;
 Know, that you make a foolish idle Boast,
 But glory in a beauteous Horse at most;
 And what's his Worth to you, whose own may lie
 As many Handfuls low, as he is high?
 What then is your's? I'll tell you, Sir; to have 92
 Right Notions, and pursue them well, is brave.
 When once you treat, as Nature shall direct,
 Things with a congruous Value or Neglect,
 As every one in its true Light is shown,
 Then boast; for then the boasted Good's your
 own. 93

Chap.

C H A P. XII.

As, while a Ship doth anchor in a Bay, 93

If you go forth for Water, by the way

You gather up a Cockle or a Squill,

But on the Ship your Mind is fixed still,

And ever looking back, with Heed you wait

The Pilot's Signal for a quick Retreat,

And then you let go all, lest tardy found

You're thrown aboard, like bleating Cattel, bound :

So here in Life, if *gratis* you receive

A Wife or Child, alike diminutive

With Squill or Cockle, nothing should retard

Your Home-ward March, nor lessen your strict

Guard.

And if the Master of the Vessel call,

Run to the Ship, behind you leaving all,

Nor once look back. An Antient if thou art,

Ne'er from the Vessel many Steps depart,

Lest you the Summons grudgingly obey,

Or startl'd at it faintly clop away.

Chap.

C H A P. XIII.

Square to thy Pleasure wish not all things done,
 But will them by their proper Course to run,
 And, from the Top-mast to the nether Keel,
 About with Fortune's Rudder gently wheel;
 Whether she steer aloft the steady Boat,
 Or Ship-wreck'd Sports to see it all afloat:
 So while thou movest smoothly with the Tide,
 Thy Minutes shall with happy Currents glide.
 The Body is incumber'd by Disease,
 But not the Choice, unless it self so please.
 The Foot, not Mind, is clogg'd by being Lame;
 Your Verdict on each Chance must be the same:
 You'll find it just, as here I represent,
 An other's, not your own Impediment.
 For still, while you comply with Fate's Decree,
 Whate'er is bound or hinder'd, you are free.

Chap.

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C H A P. XIV.

In every thing, that comes athwart your Way,
Remember, turning to your self, to say,
What Pow'r have I to manage this aright ?
If some fair Male or Female tempts your sight,
You'll find, that Continnence provides you Arms
Sufficient to repel th' invading Charms.
If Fear of Pain or Labour shall molest,
Stout Sufferance will guard your storm'd Breast.
If Railery, call Patience to your Aid
Against the froward Man, or peevish Maid.
Thus train'd, no Bait shall lure, no Terror brave
Your Mind, or Glory, you are made a Slave.

C H A P. XV.

Ne'er say of ought, however once ador'd, 95
This I have lost, but this I have restor'd.
Are you bereav'd of some dear Child by Death ?
'Tis the Surrender but of borrow'd Breath.

Or

Or have you been disseis'd of House and Land?
 Is't not escheated to the Donor's Hand?
 Ay but I'm outed by a wicked Knave.
 What is't to thee, by whom he takes, who gave?
 But while he gives it, manage all with Care,
 As one, who is a Steward, not the Heir:
 And so far take the World for your Abode,
 As Strangers take a Lodging on the Road.

C H A P. XVI.

But, *Epictetus*, I have no Demeans;
 How shall I live, unless my Labour gleans?
 How do the Beggars, who the Country stray,
 Or Slaves, which from their Masters run away?
 A timely Commons God for them does carve;
 And will he suffer thee good Man to starve?
 If then * thou wouldst grow wise, & live at ease, 96
 Cashier such low and creeping Thoughts as these.

* Here the Chap. begins; the foregoing Lines are taken
 out of Epict. l. 3. c. 26. and elsewhere.

If I neglect my Trade, to stuff my Head
 With Notions, I and mine shall want our Bread.
 Unless I scourge my Slave or lawless Child,
 The Youth, to his own Ruin, will grow wild.
 For better dye with Famine void of Care,
 Than live disturb'd amidst the dainty'st Fare;
 Better he turn a Rogue, than thou a Wretch;
 If he refuse to bow, e'en let him stretch:
 For which hadst rather, if one must be lost,
 He once be hang'd, or thou for ever cross?

C H A P. XVII.

If therefore to Perfection you would rise,
 Begin from Matters of the lowest size.
 A jar of Oil is spilt? or Cask of Wine
 Withdrawn by stealth? don't at the Loss repine.
 Think thus, that fearless Constancy, which Gold
 Can't purchase, is for so much cheaply Sold.
 Crowns are not gain'd without some Toil and
 Sweat,
 And nought is frankly won, that's truly great.

So

So when you call your Servant, think, he may
 Not hear your Voice, or Orders disobey;
 Nor let him speed so well, that it should be
 A Kindness in him not to trouble Thee.

C H A P. XVIII.

If you would profit well in Wisdom's School,
 For outer things endure to seem a Fool.
 Do not affect to make a glorious show,
 That you are Wise, and more than others know.
 If you a Figure make in their Esteem,
 Suspect your self, and doubt, you do but seem.
 Else sooth'd with Fame, while your own Talents
 rust,

You may be Wise, as some are Rich, on Trust:
 For know, it is not easy to regard
 Exterior things, and keep a decent Ward
 Over your Will and Passions; but Respect
 To one, must bring the other to Neglect.
 Who halts 'twixt both, is great in neither Rank,
 A Bubble out-doors, and within a Blank.

Chap.

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* Epic.

C H A P. XIX.

You'll be a Fool to wish your Friends and Wife;
And Children blest with an immortal Life.
For thou wouldst have an other's to be thine,
And things out of thy Power lodg'd within.
So if you wish your Child may ever be 97
Impeccant, you're as very Child as he.
You would have Vice to be no Vice, and Blame
Cross to its Nature call'd an other Name.
But if desiring ought you wish to find *ib:*
The Issue answer your right-aiming Mind,
This lies within the Compass of your Span;
This practice then; for if you will, you can.
How can I? Shew me so divine a Road.
Subject * your Will in every thing to God;
Desire with him; espouse his Hate and Love:
Who'll stop, or force you? none, no more than
Love.

* Epict. l. 2. c. 17. p. 221.

C H A P. XX.

Lord of each Man is he, who can fulfil,
 Or cross the Votes of his precarious Will.
 Wouldst then live free, and at thy own Command
 Will nothing, which another can withstand.
 Else whatsoe'er you shun, or meanly crave,
 You'll lie at Mercy, and must be a Slave;
 A Prize to every Hector of the Field,
 Or, *Tæncer*-like, creep under *Ajax* Shield.

C H A P. XXI.

Carry your self (mind that) as at a Feast,
 And do the Office of a well-bred Guest.
 Is any Dish gone round, where thou dost sit?
 Put forth thy Hand, and take a modest Bit.
 Is't past thee? do not hold it: not yet come?
 Then wait a while, till handed nearer Home.
 Thus be affected towards Child and Wife,
 To Empire, Wealth, and all the Goods of Life.

Then

Then you'll be worthy in the bright Abodes
To sit at Table with the feasted Gods.
But if the tempting Viands you refuse,
And balk the Pleasures, you might freely use,
You shall be written in a higher strain
Not Guest alone, but Consort of their Reign.
Thus *Diogen* and *Heraclitus* were
Both call'd Divine, and mov'd in such a Sphere. 98

C H A P. XXII.

When you behold one Mourning for his Son,
Because to distant Countries he is gon,
Or has been robb'd, beware, you be not snar'd
By this black Scene to count his Fortune hard.
But straight distinguish with your self, and say,
'Tis not the Chance, which doth this Man dismay
(The like to others no Affliction proves)
But all his Trouble from his Fancy moves.
In Word however with him Sympathize,
And sigh, if need be, in a kind Disguise;

E 2

But

But then take care, while outwardly you moan,
You ſhed no real †Tear, nor fetch an hearty Groan. 98

C H A P. XXIII.

The World's a Theater, and Life a Play.
Remember, you as Actor in it ſtay,
And with the Maſter's Pleaſure muſt comport,
Whether the Task aſſign'd be long or ſhort.
And if he bids you play a Cripple's Part,
A Prince or Subject, Clown or Man of Art,
Do't to the Life and with a handſom Face,
Giving each Perſon his peculiar Grace.
Your Buſineſs is to act, but to ordain
Each Player's Part, to others doth pertain.
God ſhapes our Lives, and with harmonious ſound
Still ſmoothly turns the Wheel of Fortune round;
No Diſcords would be heard, had Men but Skill
To time their Placits to his ſoveraign Will.

† For what has real Pity to do with imaginary Evils? humour him then with a ſhew of Condoleance, if that will pleaſe him; for thou haſt no Reaſon to be really wretched by weeping over an other's but ſuppoſed Miſery.

Chap.

C H A P. XXIV.

Be not surpris'd, when an hoarse Raven's Throat
Alarms your Ears with an ill-boding Note;
But strait distinguish thus — this Omen bodes
Hurt to my Body, Children, Wife, or Goods,
Or to my little Credit, none to Me,
But, if I please, a bright Felicity:
For whatsoever Fortune shall advance,
'Tis in my Pow'r to profit by the Chance:
Bring † Poverty, Disease, Contempt, and Scorn,
Bring Chains or Death, and it shall me adorn;
While I in all Magnanimous appear
Lord over Anger, Envy, Grief, and Fear:
Thus making Fortune Vertue's Stirrup hold,
My Alchymy turns all I touch, to Gold;
This is my Mercury's Rod——

† L. 3. c. 20. p. 303.

C H A P. XXV.

Wouldst be unconquer'd? in no Combat stand, 99
 But where you're sure to gain the upper Hand.
 Far from the stronger side with caution flee,
 A Rock † and Pacher do not well agree. † *ib.*
 A Deuteous Damsel in a private Yard
 For a Young Student is a Match too hard;
 And so she may, if one be over-bold,
 For *Neslor's* Prudence and his Age twice told.
 The Hive has Honey, but the Bees have Stings,
 And Moths too near a Flame may burn their Wings.
 Keep off; your safest course is not to stray
 Where Fairies dance, or Syrens Sing and Play.

C H A P. XXVI.

When you behold one sitting in the Seat
 Of Honour, or commanding with the Great,
 Beware, an Image so augustly drest
 Beguile you not to stile the Person blest.

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 c. 25. p

For if the Force of Apathy doth stand
 In things submitted to our own Command,
 Envy and jealous Rivalship will find
 No Mansion in a self-sufficient Mind.
 For what's your Aim? no General to be,
 No Consul, not a Senator, but free:
 Now there's one way to that, both safe and clear,
 A brave Contempt of things without our Sphere.

C H A P. XXVII.

Remember, not, who rails or strikes, is wont
 To cause that Evil, which you stile Affront,
 But your Construction makes it an Abuse,
 And all your sharp Resentments doth produce.
 What would you get, to rail on yonder Stone?
 Would Fifty Curses make him answer one?
 Do thou hear * like a Stone; and what will he
 Get (prithee tell us) who shall rail at Thee?

* *What is this, to be rail'd at? Go near and rail at a Stone, see what thou wilt get by it: Do thou hear like a Stone too, and what will he get, that rails at thee? l. i. c. 25. p. 148.*

When therefore any one has stung you, know,
 The venom'd Dart was shot from your own Bow,
 Who counting it an ill abusive Thing,
 Improv'd a Flea-bite to a Scorpion's Sting.
 Try therefore in the first place to repel
 Th' encroaching Fancy, and you shall do well:
 For if you once gain Time and due Delay,
 With greater Ease your Passion you will sway.

C H A P. XXVIII.

Let Exile, Death, and all things apt to fright, 100
 Before your Eyes be present Day and Night;
 But chiefly Death, and then you will desire
 Nothing, too much, nor ought, that's mean, admire.
 The Fear of Death makes Cowards run away,
 Secrets reveal, and dearest Friends betray,
 Pawn Sacred Truth, Stake Soul and Conscience
 down,

And sell their Father's Skins to save their own.
 Th' *Ephesian* Dame we pity, who (it's said)
 To keep her living Husband hang'd the Dead;

But

But how ignobly did *Meænas* cry ?
I rather would be crucify'd than dy.
If then you would avoid whate'er is base,
Out-stare its Terrors with a bolder Face.
Death to a good Man is an harmless Thing;
A painted Snake, can neither hiss nor sting.
Let Tempests * rend the Earth, and Thunders fly
With armed Bolts around the blazing Sky,
Till Stars and Fishes meet ; yet thou shalt see,
Death once despis'd, how great the Calm will be.

C H A P. XXIX.

Wouldst turn Philosopher ? then strait prepare
The Scoffs of all the Silly Mob to bear ;
And look to be thus flouted by the Age.
Lo ! on a sudden, Sirs, here comes a Sage.
See to his Eye-brows, what Majestic State
He carries there, and whence this lofty Gate ?

* L. 2. p. 226.

But carry thou no State; but so arrest
 And hold what things, thy Reason dictates best,
 As one, who keeps the Ground, whereon he stands,
 Pursuant to the Deity's Commands. 102

And if you thus stand out, who laugh'd before,
 With reverent Wonder after will adore;
 But by their Flouts if you are overcome,
 With double Laughter they will pay you home.

CHAP. XXX.

To act for popular Respect and Shew
 Forfeits the Praise to vertuous Actions due.
 Then be content, whatever Wind may stir,
 With only being a Philosopher;
 If you would seem so too, let it suffice,
 That your own judgment deems its Master wise.
 Strive to please † God; strict Heed to Reason's

Laws

Is Theater, Spectators, and Applause.

† 103

Chap.

C H A P. XXXI.

Fret not to think, thou shalt no Honours bear,
 Nor make a pompous Figure in thy Sphere.
 For if Dishonour be a real Ill,
 And every such dependant on your Will,
 You can no more sustain an evil Case
 By others Means, than do an Action base.
 Is't then your Work, to reign? or take your Seat
 A bidden Guest among the Rich and Great?
 Sure no. Where's the Dishonour then, you fear?
 How make no pompous Figure in your Sphere?
 Who should be somewhat in those things alone,
 Wherein your Worth may be out-done by none;
 But in that Orb, where *Jove* has plac'd true Good,
 Shine like a Star of the first Magnitude.
 Ay but thy Friends unholpen will remain.
 How say'st [unholpen]? they perhaps will gain
 No Silver by your Means, nor proudly come
 Grac'd with the noble Franchises of *Rome*.
 Who therefore told thee, that such things are ours,
 Not the Donations of extrinsic Pow'rs?
 Who

Who can make over by authentic Grant
 Those things to others, which himself doth want?
 Get them, cry they, that we may have a Share,
 For tho' you slight, yet we esteem them dear.
 Shew me the Way, I'll get them, if I can,
 Saving the modest, faithful, great-soul'd Man. 103
 But if you press me to forgo the true
 Substantial Goods, with feign'd to pleasure you,
 See, what unjust and senseless Votes you make.
 For of the two, which had you rather take?
 Gold? or a modest and true-hearted Friend?
 To this Design your Succour therefore lend,
 And don't persuade such Courses, whence I shall,
 To take up *Bristol* Stones, let Rubies fall.
 My Country will no Service by me gain.
 Now here what Help, what Service do you mean?
 No Baths, no Porches for it you'll erect.
 What if you serve her not in this Respect?
 For neither does it Shoes from Gun-smiths take,
 Nor Arms from those, who Boots & Buskins make.
 Aids to his Country he sufficient lends,
 Who duly on his proper Work attends.

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But if thro' your Example or Advice
 She gains a Subject faithful, grave, and wise,
 Has She got nothing by thee? Yes. Conclude,
 Your self are then empow'rd to do her Good.
 But in what Post? in whatsoe'er you can,
 Preserving still the modest, faithful Man;
 But if designing (what is most absurd)
 To profit her, you throw these over Board,
 Pray, what Advantage by you will she make
 Crown a false Villain and a shameless Rake?

CHAP. XXXII.

Is any by the cringing Tribe ador'd,
 Sits chief at Feast, or first at Council-Board,
 While you the lowest Stile and Seat assume,
 Or wholly are excluded from the Room?
 If these things now are good, you should be glad,
 Another is Possessor of them made;
 If evil, bless your Lot, and do not whine,
 Because they fall to his Share, not to thine.
 But mind, you cannot equally be grac'd,
 In gaining things beyond our Power plac'd,

With

With others, who th' accustom'd Value pay,
 Unless you bid as fairly for 't as they.
 For how should he, that never does go near
 One's Gates, speed well as he, that's dayly there?
 The Mute, as he, that claws? who does not come
 To wait, as he that ushers Out and Home?
 Since therefore these at certain Rates are Sold,
 Unpurchas'd, till the Price is duely told,
 You'll be unjust to look for equal Shares;
 When nought you pay, with such as buy the
 Wares.

Let's see, how does the Price of Lettice go?
 Perhaps 'twill cost an Half-penny, or so.
 Well now, there's one that pays the Half-penny
 down,
 And he takes up the Lettice as his own;
 You pay down none, and thence without 'em go
 Now have you less than he, that took them? no
 For as he hath the Lettice, so you have
 The little Half-penny, you never gave.
 Just so 'tis here —

Are you unbidden to the Feaster's Door?
 You have not paid the Scot he sells it for;

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He Sells for Praise, for Worship he doth Sell;
 Pay these, if you the Banquet like so well:
 But if you covet that, nor would afford
 The other, you are greedy and absurd.
 But since you miss the Supper, have you nought
 In lieu of what your Mates have dearly bought?
 Yes, not to praise a Rich insulting Boar
 Nor, whom you Scorn, against your Will adore.

C H A P. XXXIII.

What Nature's Pleasure is, you soon may learn
 From things, wherein all shew a like Concern.
 As when our Neighbor's Child a Cup doth break,
 Or Play an other such unhappy Freak,
 To this a ready Answer we advance,
 That 'tis an usual Trick of wanton chance,
 Which still for ways to plague us beats about,
 And loves a small Game rather than stay out.
 When yours is broken, you should so embrace
 The Lot, as once, when 'twas your Neighbour's
 Case.

Ap-

Apply't to greater things : Is any one
 By Death depriv'd of Darling Wife or Son ?
 In such an Instance there is none but can
 Thus answer, 'tis the wonted Fate of Man,
 Impartial Death spares none ; each in his Turn
 We must all follow ; Brother, do not mourn.
 But when his own is dead, forthwith a Cry,
 Ah me ! was ever such a Wretch as I ?
 But we should mind, how our Affections steer,
 When we like mournful things of others hear.

C H A P. XXXIV.

As when a Mark in open View is put,
 No Archer aims to miss, but strike the Butt :
 So in the World some Evil tho' we find,
 'Twas never there as Nature's Scope design'd.
 For that would be no less absurd than this,
 A Bowman's taking a wild Aim to miss.
 Should any one empow'r each Man you meet
 T'abuse your Body, as you pass the Street,
 You would be wroth ; and are you not asham'd
 (Of what deserves more sharply to be blam'd)

When

When some base Railer on you falleth foul,
To let him trouble and confound your Soul:
For this cause therefore in each Work foremind
What may precede it, what ensue behind,
And so accost it. Else you will set out
Briskly at first, and clear of any Doubt;
Because your previous Thoughts did never cast
Th' unhandsom Sequel, which might spring at
last:

But after, when unseemly things appear,
You'll blush to see Dishonour in the Reer.

C H A P. XXXV.

Wouldst be a Victor in th' Olympic Game?
In truth 'tis fine, and I would do the same.
But first what goes before, what follows, weigh,
And so prepare to win the gallant Day.
You must observe good Order, look to eat
Not dainty Cates, but necessary Meat.
At a set Hour, in Heat and Cold fulfil
Your previous Tasks, tho' fore against your Will.

F

No

No Wine nor Water at Discretion use,
 But what your Master bids you to infuse,
 From whom in all things you must take Commands
 As Patients under the Physician's Hands.
 Thus season'd you proceed to the Contest,
 Where you will hurt your Hand, or Ankle wrest,
 Swallow much Dust, a score of Stripes receive
 For rashly going without granted leave:
 At last perhaps ignobly overcome
 With Maims and Bruises bring Dishonour Home.
 All this well ponder'd, if you yet persist
 In your Intentions, enter then the List;
 Else you like Children all things will transact,
 Who now the Wrestlers, now the Fiddlers act;
 Now they will Fence, anon they tread the Stage
 Then blow the Trump, as if they would engage.
 So you are now for Wrestling, then you'll Fence,
 Next Rhetor or Philosopher commence,
 But nought with all your Heart: Whatever Shap
 Each Show presents you, there you play the Ap
 Now one thing takes, an other's then pursu'd,
 Because you nothing ever roundly view'd,

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Nor after it with Judgment did aspire,
But rashly all, and with a cold Desire.
And thus some Persons meeting in their Way
A learned Soph, and hearing him to say,
How brave a Spokelman *Socrates* ! what Force,
What Charms attended his Divine Discourse ?
And who can talk in such a strain as He ?
They too in haste Philosophers will be.

C H A P. XXXVI. *

Man, first all Actions weigh, what kind they are,
Thy Genius next, and how much thou can'st bear.
Wouldst thou with Praise the Five-fold Game ex-
ploit,
Cuff, wrestle, leap, and run, and throw the Quoit ?
View well thy Arms, thy Thighs and Loins com-
pute,
For things by Nature each to other suit.

* This with the precedent makes one continued Chapter in
Arrian. l. 3. c. 15. and aims to shew, that all Men are
not cut out for Philosophers, no more than they are for Vi-
ctors in the Olympic Games.

Can't eat and drink as they ? toil, wake, and fast,
And bear alike with them thy own Distaste ?
Thou must depart from thy own Friends and
Home,

Into Contempt with Fools and Children come.

In Honour, Law-suits, Places of Command,

And all things else be at the losing Hand.

Such is the Lot of those who court the Prize,

The thing's the same in aiming to be Wise.

Think then, if you can earn at Rates so high

The envy'd Prize of blissful Apathy ;

If Liberty and so serene a State,

As is superior to the Storms of Fate.

Or else look to't, lest you, like Children, fly

Now to the Studies of Philosophy :

Then farm the public Customs, then commence

A Speaker full of Noise, as void of Sense ;

Next *Cesar's* Procurator you will Write ;

But these things do not tune together right.

For you should be one Man, a good or bad,

Your Reason cultivate, or mind your Trade,

With circumspective Notice look about

On things within you, or on those without.

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That's in the Habit of a Sage appear,
Or meaner Garb of a *Plebeian* wear.

C H A P. XXXVII.

As your Relation is to every Man,
So all respective Duties you must scan.
Is it your Father? then you must revere
His Person, and his Failings meekly bear,
His Wants supply; and, if he rail or strike,
Yield to him, and dissemble your Dislike.
But he's an evil Father, 'tis reply'd.
Art then by Nature to a good ally'd?
No, to a Father only. Hath his Son,
Thy Brother, some Injustice to thee done?
Be just to thy own Duty, nor attend
How cross to Reason's Laws his Actions bend,
But by what Deed of thine, thy prudent Choice
May sweetly humour Nature's awful Voice.
For none shall hurt thee, if your self so please,
Thy own Opinion is thy sole Disease;
Then thou art hurt, when Misconceit alarms
Tumultuous Passions at fantastic Harms.

Thus, be it Neighbor, Citizen, or Head
Of Armies, by this Clue you'll soon be led
To know your Duty, if you weigh with Care,
How each to other Men related are.

C H A P. XXXVIII.

The Main of all Religion is to be
Rightly opinion'd of the Deity,
As both existing, and with just controule
And decent Conduct managing the Whole.
Then set your self in Order to obey
Their Will, and yield in all things to their Sway
Which follow chearfully; for they dispense
All by the best and wisest Providence.
Thus on the Gods you'll never lay the Blame,
Nor them, for their neglecting you, defame.
Which yet you cannot do, till you remove
Things lodg'd without you from your Hate & Love;
And place your courted Good or dreaded Ill
Within the Reach of your commanding Will.
For if your fancy'd Bliss or Misery stands
In ought not subject to your own Commands,

(As

(As when you pin it upon Fortune's Sleeve,
And, as she gives or takes, rejoice or grieve)
When e'er you miss the Good, which you design'd,
Or fall into the Mischief, you declin'd,
You'll of Necessity both blame and hate
Th' unfriendly Authors of your wretched State.
All Creatures do by Nature's Instinct shun
Apparent Hurts, and from their Causes run.
Their Opposites with an inflam'd Desire
Pursue, and their much-valu'd Cause admire.
That any then should pleasingly be charm'd
With ought, whereby he thinks his Person harm'd,
Or take Delight in that, which brings him Grief,
This as impossible exceeds Belief.
And hence a Son, when e'er his Father fails
To grant a seeming Good, against him rails.
Eteocles and *Polynises* hence
A mutual War did fatally commence;
They voted Empire a sufficient Good
To warrant shedding of fraternal Blood.
Hence graceless Farmers in a Time of Dearth
Curse Heav'n for holding Blessings from the Earth.

For this the Sea-man Shipwreck'd by the Waves,
 More loud than they against his *Neptune* raves.
 The Merchant vends Religion at Wholesale,
 When he can't prosper by unjust Retail.
 Like pious they, who Children lose or Wives:
 For where Gain grows, there Godliness * most
 thrives.

Whence whosoever bends his careful Thought
 To court or shun all Objects, as he ought,
 That Man takes care at the same Time to do
 Right to Religion and his Interest too,
 Victims, Libations, First-fruits † you should pay
 By National Custom in the purest || Way,

* *Veneration is founded in Beneficence: If therefore we place our Good or Profit in externals, we shall be pious no longer, than they prosper; but if in the unalienable Possession of Vertue, we shall be always grateful to God, as considering, that we never receive any thing but Good from him.*

† *Both as an acknowledgment, that all things are derived from God, and as a Means to procure a Blessing on the Remainder and on our selves.*

|| *With a Mind pure of erroneous Opinions and vicious Affections, and a Body unstain'd by wicked Actions. For the Deity being pure, loves no Worshipers but such as are like him.*

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Nor with Expence beyond * Ability.

C H A P. XXXIX.

When you approach an Augur, with intent
To ask him touching a conceal'd Event,
Remember, you are unacquainted, how
The thing will happen, but you come to know;
Yet if you are a Philosophic Man,
You know, as well as he, the Prophet, can.
For if 'tis ought not pendant on our Will,
It must of Force be neither Good nor Ill.
Then leave Aversion and Desire behind,
Else you'll approach him with a trembling Mind;
But come resolv'd, whate'er th' Event may be,
That 'tis Indifferent and Nought to Thee.
Be how it will, none can thy Pow'r restrain
To use it well, and by it reap some Gain

* For this looks, as if we thought, he delighted in Gifts,
and would be corrupted with Bribes, than which nothing
is more dishonourable and affrontive to the Divine Majesty.

Go boldly then, as sure of no Mistake,
 While you the Gods your Counsellors shall make
 And next when they have given their Advice,
 Mind, whose it is, and whom you will despise,
 From their unerring Counsels if you slide.
 But in this case make *Socrates* your Guide :
 Who would not have us any where consult
 The Oracle, except in things occult,
 Where the Event can never be foreshewn
 By any Signs to Human Skill made known.
 As, when our Friend or Country needs our Aid,
 Tho' Life and Fortunes at the Stake were laid,
 We should not then anear the Augur go,
 To ask him, whether we should help, or no.
 For if he tells you with a Mien severe,
 The sacred Entrails inauspicious were,
 This frowning Symptom Death or Exile bodes,
 The Loss of Limbs or Detriment of Goods :
 But 'tis imply'd, and Reason votes withal,
 You should with Friends and Country stand or
 fall.

Then heed the greater *Pythian* Prophet well,
 Who from his Temple did with Scorn expel
 That

That impious Fellow, who refus'd to lend 105
A timely Succour to his murther'd Friend.

C H A P. XL.

Now set your self some Copy as a Law,
Conform to which all Actions you will draw;
When you abroad in Company appear,
Or move within your solitary Sphere.
Amidst a Throng if you shall chance to be,
Call it a Feast and a Solemnity.
In lonely Walks your happy Freedom bless;
'Tis a Vacation and Divine Recess;
As in th' *Elysian* Plains, or blest Abodes,
Where Rest and Peace beatify the Gods.
Thus treating all things with a well-pleas'd Mind,
You'll every where both Calms and Sun-beams
find,
If you remember, God is always nigh,
And on your self transcribe the Deity.

Chap.

C H A P. XLI.

Let Silence for a general Rule be laid,
 Or needful things in Words compendious said.
 You rarely should your Sentiments display,
 But when fit season to it paves your Way;
 And when that's offer'd, you should wisely balk
 All the low Topics of *Plebeian* Talk;
 Horse-races, Fencers, Wrestlers, and good Cheer,
 The Theme of every Tavern, Shop, and Fair:
 But chiefly no Discourse of Men should raise,
 Comparing them for Honour, or Dispraise.

C H A P. XLII.

Win o'er your Fellows, if an able Wit,
 By your Discourse to talk of what is fit.
 But if you are beset with Strangers round,
 Men of loose Lives, or Tenets as unsound,
 With such an Herd all Conference decline:
 For how do Jewels suit the Ears of Swine?

Chap.

C H A P. XLIII.

Too frequent and long Laughter do not use,
Nor that, which is unseemly and profuse.
As a Smith's Bellows, while he heats the Tongues;
With noisy Motions stir their windy Lungs,
Yet still by what comes from 'em, but declare
Their hollow Inwards to be full of Air :
So you by laughing, till your sides do ake,
Shew, what a Noise for Nothing Fools may make.

C H A P. XLIV.

Wholly an Oath, if possible, refrain, 106
At least, as far as may be, thence abstain.
Who swears, cites God a Witness, which to do
In light Affairs is rude and impious too.
And then how flagrant is your Guilt? what Blame
Do you deserve, who make an Oath your Game?
To form Mock-juries o'er a Glas of Beer,
And round the Compass for Diversion Swear.

To

To aggrandize your Stile, and swell your Span
 Of upstart Worth into a Gentleman.
 As if Profaneness were genteel and good,
 Or Wit an Art to be excessive lewd.
 But since you never had or Faith or Troth,
 What makes you Swear, you lying Rogues, by both
 Or if they'r worth the keeping, why (I pray)
 In idle Oaths d'e squander 'em away?
 For what d'e get by all your rumbling Strains,
 The loose Efforts of shallow, or no Brains?
 Nought but the scurvy Praise, which Mad-men win
 Where Fools applaud the Slaves of bootless Sin.
 'Tis brave (they count) above the common Size
 To riot *gratis* in the Wilds of Vice.
 So Leachers, when a Strumpet is not nigh,
 Debauch their Thoughts, and whore in Theory:
 Perhaps you Swear in Hopes to be believ'd,
 But here again most grossly y're deceiv'd;
 For who can think, he honours sacred Troth,
 Who is the dayly Butcher of an Oath?
 He gains the surest Credence to his Word,
 Whose Speech and Meaning constantly accord.

For since he ne'er was known to lie or sooth,
We count him as an Oracle of Truth,
And give more Heed to his plain Yea and Nay,
Than what a Knave's Ten *Affidavits* say.

C H A P. XLV.

All Banquets with mechanic Feasters shun,
Nor with the Mob to public Revels run.
But watch, if some fit Season thither call,
Lest into Rascal Practices you fall.
For know, when a Companion does obtrude
On Conversation ought profane or rude,
Needs must the Mate, who lewdly shares his Sin,
Go out defil'd, tho' pure he enter'd in.

C H A P. XLVI.

Things, which concern the Body, so far use,
As may some Profit to the Soul produce,
Meat, Drink, Apparel, Mansion-House and Slaves,
With such like things, as modest Nature craves:

But

But Splendor and luxurious Cost restrain;
For nought can be at once both brave and vain.

C H A P. XLVII.

From Venerly live to your Power chaste, 107
And before Marriage be content to fast.
But if you sail that Channel, you must row
A Course no wider than the Laws allow.
Not too severely those, that use it, blame,
Nor vainly boast, you follow no such Game.

C H A P. XLVIII.

When you are told, that some one speaks amiss
Concerning you, return no Plea but this,
My other Failures were to him unknown;
For else he had not publish'd these alone.

C H A P. XLIX.

It is not needful, you should often go
To Theaters, or any public Show.

When

When some convenient Season calls you there,
 Concern'd for no Man, but your self, appear ;
 That is, leave Chance to manage her own Ball,
 And will the Palm, to whom the Lot may fall.
 Thus you shall ne'er be crost for ought, that's done.
 107 But Noise and Transports with much Laughter
 shun.

And when you're gone, repeat no more than tends
 To School your self, or to instruct your Friends :
 Else 'twill appear, that you admir'd the shew, .
 ne. A weakness, which the Wise are Strangers to.

C H A P. L.

mis To hear no Lectures easily be won, 109
 But being to the Place of Audience gone,
 Grave, and sedate, and well-compos'd appear,
 Nor give Offence to those, who speak or hear.

C H A P. LI.

When you design with any one to treat
 A Prince, or Noble, or Commander great,
 G Fore-

When

Fore-cast, how *Socrates* or *Zeno* would
 Address, and thence your own Behaviour mould.
 So doing you shall ne'er be in a streight
 Which way to manage all Occurrents right.
 To be at once respectful, bold and grave,
 With cogent Reasons, represents you brave.
 Honoring their Greatness without servile Fear,
 They love you, modest, and as stout revere:
 Thus acting you are sure to gain your Cause,
 Or carry off Repulses with Applause.

C H A P. LII.

When to a Grandee's Palace you resort,
 Forecast, he may be absent from his Court,
 Or that he is retir'd; perhaps the Gate
 Against you will be shut, and you must wait.
 If notwithstanding this, you must appear
 Before him, the appendant Troubles bear;
 Nor say, repuls'd, the thing was scarce so great,
 Or you deserv'd a more respectful Treat.
 For this is rude, and what *Plebeian's* use,
 Who foolishly exterior things traduce.

You

You may be great in your Scholastic Gown,
And tho' no Courtier, yet above a Clown.

CHAP. LIII.

Truths pass for Legends, when a talking Man
Of his own Glory is th' Historian.
Let therefore none, who would his Audience take,
Long Speeches of his Acts and Dangers make.
For not, as 'tis a pleasing Task to thee
T'expatiate on thy own Knight-Errantry :
So is't like charming to an others Ear
The Annals of thy daring Feats to hear.
You count us Dwarfs, and Punies seem to call,
While you describe your self a Giant tall.
Each Man is odious in his proper Praise ;
He sinks our Merits, who his own doth raise.

CHAP. LIV.

Laughter forbear to move ; for that's a start ;
Which ushers to an unbred Vulgar's Part,

Who, tasting only what is rank and lewd,
 Laughs, when you talk like Sawcy, vain, and rude.
 When Cousins meet, what other should they do?
 The Fool in him admires his Ape in you.
 Besides, since Jest-mungers are often found
 Like Casks, less full, the more their Ends do sound,
 It's apt in Men's Esteem to bring you down,
 Collateral with the cheapest Fool in Town.

C H A P. L V.

'Tis dangerous your Speech to interlace
 With ought, would make a Virgin hide her Face.
 Foul Lips infect the Air; 'tis time to think
 The Inside rotten, when the Breath does stink.
 Who therefore doth obscene Discourses move,
 Him, opportunely if you can, reprove;
 Or by your Silence, Blushes, and stern Looks,
 Shew, that your Ear not well such Language brooks.

Chap.

C H A P. LVI.

When Images of Pleasure strike your Mind,
Beware, lest they too soon Admittance find;
But pause a while, and stand upon your Guard, 110
And cast your Game, before you play the Card.
Next recollect both Seasons, that wherein
You'll reap the transient Pleasure of your Sin
And that more dismal one, when you'll arraign
Your self for catching at a Bait so vain,
As only makes you bitterly lament,
Your *Christmas* ends in penitential Lent.
But if you balk it, think, how you'll rejoice,
Now bless your self, and praise your happy choice.
And if some fair inviting Season court
Your kind Acceptance of a lawful Sport,
Beware, you be not peccant by Excess,
Nor beard it with too passionate Address,
Won by its charming Looks or grateful Gust
To fall a Slave to any brutal Lust.
But count, how braver 'tis to win the Field,
And go off conscious of your Scorn to yield.

C H A P. LVII.

Having resolv'd to do some needful Work, 110
 Disgrace it not by seeking where to lurk ;
 But let it boldly face the open Day,
 Regardless, what th' unthinking Commons say.
 For why ? if 'tis unseemly to be done,
 The Deed it self, not popular Notice, shun ;
 If comely, wherefore should you dread their sight, *ib.*
 Who pass wrong Sentence on an Action right ?

C H A P. LVIII.

As these Words [it is Day, and, it is Night] 111
 In a disjunctive * Form will bear due Weight ;
 But if conjunctly † you shall sound them forth,
 The Proposition then is nothing worth:
 So at a Feast the largest share to chuse
 Is of great Moment to the Body's use,

* It is either Day, or Night. † If it is Day, it is Night.

But with Relation to the common Good
 And Rules of Decence, clownish and stark rude.
 For how d'e differ from a Boar well fed,
 He once ate all, you eat him so, when dead ?
 Not only then, in Confort when you eat,
 Remind, how well your Palate likes the Mear,
 Or Stomach craves it ; but remember too,
 What deference to the Hoast and Guests is due :
 For how is't fair, that others, while you carve
 Enough to fill a Bullock's Maw, should starve ?

C H A P. LIX.

If you assume a Character too large,
 Or Function greater than you can discharge,
 You act indecently beneath that Mask,
 And leave undone your own more easy Task.
 Look round the World, or do but view the Stage,
 Where small Men humbly cringe, and great ones
 rage ;
 He gains more Praise, who acteth well a Slave,
 Than he, which oddly personates the Brave.

Fit for th' Exchange, why would you make us
Sport,

To play the Bungler at the Bar or Court?
You handle well the Oars, but overwhelm
The ill-steer'd Boat, when you arrest the Helm.
Keep to your School; you may sit handsome there,
Nor shew your Blind-side in a Doctor's Chair.
Physician, seek not with the Sword to kill,
Nor you, O Souldier, by the Lance or Pill;
Each may do Wonders in a licenc'd Way,
And earn a Hanging out of it to stay.
Keep the known Road, and do not drive too fast,
Nor let the Cobler go beyond his Last;
Left, aiming like *Tom Double* to be great,
Men tofs you in a Blanket for a Cheat.

C H A P. LX.

In walking as you view with heedful Eye
Your Ground, for fear you turn your Foot awry,
Or tread upon a Nail; with equal Guard
Your Reason, Guide of all your Actions, Ward.

Left

Left false Conceits and Passions as unwise
Invade your Mind, and take it by surprise.
In every Work if you attend this Cure,
The Steps, you make, will be more safe and sure.

C H A P. LXI.

The Body is the Measure (we compute)
Of an Estate, as of the Shooe the Foot.
Now if you hold to this, you will preserve
The Measure; but beyond it if you swerve,
As over Cliff you run a headlong Course,
Regardless of your Credit, Health, and Purse.
We see this in a Shooe, when you make bold
To go beyond your Foot, 'tis first of Gold,
Then Purple, next fine Needle-work and Point,
Ne'er leave, 'til all *Decorum's* out of joint:
For lose the Measure once, out-leap the Bound,
And wanton Folly runs an endless Round,
Till it has drain'd you, by a wild Expence,
As well of Money, as of Wit and Sense.

Chap.

C H A P. LXII.

Women, whose Years have added Four to Ten,
 Are strait call'd Ladies by your genteel Men.
 Whence seeing, that their only-valu'd Charms
 Are thole, which center in Men's circling Arms
 With early Care they deck, and wholly place
 Their Hopes in Dresses and a handsome Face
 That pretty Baby of their Looking-glass.
 Now each is happy in a nuptial Life,
 As he has Skill to train the docil Wife,
 Who, if well-humour'd, dutiful, and chaste,
 With these Silk Cords will hold her Husband fast.
 Twould then be fit to let Young Ladies know,
 That we no Rents of Honour to them owe,
 But as they make Sobriety their Care,
 And add the modest to the trim and fair.
 Then *Venus* as a Goddess we shall greet,
 When all the Graces in her Beauty meet.
 Nature for noble Ends has rul'd them forth,
 Happy, if they but knew their proper Worth.

Skill'd

Skill'd in this Science they would then design
 No Work, but what were like themselves divine.
 For such they are in Make and Origine,
 God's Master-piece and Token of his Love
 To Men, the Image, which fell down from *Jove*.
 Who lessens them, forgets from whence he came,
 And flurs the Fair to his own Mother's Shame.
 But who can help, if in a raving Fit,
 Degrading Fools esteem their Madness Wit?

CHAP. LXIII

Much Service on the Body to bestow.
 Speaks a dull Genius, or a Mind as low.
 Whether you exercise, Eat, Drink, or Game,
 Warm a Close-stool, or dally with a Dame,
 Too much of any thing, too oft, too long
 Pleasures the Hand-maid to her Lady's Wrong.
 For all our Care (Three Quadrants of the Whole
 At least) should go to serve the nobler Soul ;
 But other things be taken by the bye :
 For this is Wisdom, that's Philosophy.

Chap.

C H A P. LXIV.

When any hurts thy Body, Goods, or Fame,
 'Twas what he thought, his Prudence well became
 Mind that. Now 'tis not possible, that he
 Should follow that, which decent seems to Thee
 But to himself. Whence, if he thinks amiss,
 He's hurt and cozen'd, and deserves an Hiss.
 For if some raw unsyllogizing Youth
 Denies an obvious complicated † Truth;
 And cries, I judge it false, for you to say
 [If *Sol* is risen, then be sure 'tis Day]
 The Complicate || no Dammage has receiv'd,
 He only suffers, who was thus deceiv'd.
 For 'tis as plain, as the unclouded Ray,
 That orient *Phæbus* brings the Chrystal Day.
 Proceeding on these Grounds you'll meekly bear
 The railing Tongue, and Lips train'd up to jeer.

† Or well inferred, p. 112. || Or Inference.

To each Abuse thus answer, true, it's rude,
 But our wise Author counts it fine and good.
 Crown a foul Harpy for a cleanly Swan,
 A Viper, Wasp, or Wolf instead * of Man.

C H A P. LXV.

Each Thing a double Handle seems to wear,
 One rough and pungent, t'other smooth and fair.
 A Brother wrongs you. Do not now commence
 Your Hold from this Side, where you spy Offence
 For that's the Handle, which you cannot bear)
 But take it on that Side, which shews him dear,
 A Brother and your Play-mate from the Breast,
 And so you'll seize it with a soft Arrest.
 No, 'tis an evil Brother. Very true,
 Much to himself he is, but good to you,
 He gives you Room t'express your candid Mind,
 Meek, while provok'd, and, tho' offended, kind.
 O Heavens ! what, such things from one so near !
 The worse the Fault, and harder yet to bear.

* Epict. l. 3. p. 367.

'Tis own'd; but let his Crime be what it will,
 You ought to love him as a Brother still.
 For tho' he merits no Respect from you,
 Some Pity for your Parents sake is due:
 Else you commit two Injuries in one,
 To pierce your Mother thro' her wounded Son.

C H A P. LXVI.

You play with Reason, argue on Mistake,
 When you the following Inferences make.
 I am more rich than you, and therefore Vote
 My self a Person of a better Note;
 I am a finer Speaker of the Two,
 And therefore am a better Man than you.
 These hang together but as Ropes of Sand,
 More cogent thus your Argument would stand.
 My Wealth, summ'd up, will bear an higher Rate
 Than your's; I therefore have a better State.
 I am more eloquent; and so may vaunt
 That Grace in speaking, which your self do want
 But, Sir, I hope, you'll grant, if Friends with Sense
 You neither are th' Estate, nor Eloquence.

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An other says, I'm better than you are,
 Because my Father fill'd a Consul's Chair,
 And mine was Port-rieve, Constable, or Mayor.
 And if we had been Horses, wouldst thou say,
 My Sire was Swift, a Courser tall and gay ;
 wear fine Trappings, and eat much good Hay :
 ffo, let's run, say I. Is there no Grace
 in Man, which answers to an Horse's Race ?
 Faith, Justice, Modesty ? By these let's scan
 Your Worth, if you are better as a Man :
 But if you say, I kick most mighty strong,
 You're proud of Feats, which to your As belong.

C H A P. LXVII.

You wrong your judgment, or your Neighbour's
 Fame,

113

When you from common Actions praise or blame.

Does any one bathe speedily ? take heed,

You do not say, ill done, but done with speed.

Epicæ. l. 5. c. 14. p. 295.

Or

Or freely quaffs the Nectar of the Vine?
 Say not, he drinks it ill, but drinks much Wine.
 For 'til you well his Grounds and Reasons know,
 How are you certain, if 'tis ill or no.
 Thus judging all things square to each their kind,
 As sense presents them to th' observant Mind,
 Or Reason gathers from their well-known End,
 You'll neither rashly praise, nor discommend.

C H A P. LXVIII.

Ne'er call thy self Philosopher, nor love
 Amidst rude Vulgars, learn'd Disputes to move.
 As do not talk at Feasts, how Men should eat,
 But, as you ought, behave your self at Meat.
 Thus *Socrates* (remind) on every side
 Clipt Ostentation, cropt the Wings of Pride.
 Some came with this Mock-Errand to him, Sir, 118
 Commend us to some able Sophister.
 And he went with them, tho' himself a Sage
 Deem'd by *Apollo* wisest of the Age.
 So meekly generous he could entertain
 Those, who o'erlook'd him with a proud Disdain

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And, while he thus his lowly Mind exprest,
Spoil'd the small Market of their pedling jest.

C H A P. LXIX.

If in thy Hearing the Unlearn'd dispute
Of Theorems, * be for the most part mute.
For 'tis not safe, that scraps of Wit half-stew'd
Should from a Fresh-Man's Breast be rawly spew'd;
Master your Notions first, and do not dream
To profit Men with indigested Fleghm. 115
But when one tells thee, thou hast nothing learn'd,
And at the biting Taunt art unconcern'd,
Then know, thou hast begun the Work in deed.
For neither do the Cattel set to feed
In flowry Vales, by casting up their Meat
Shew to the Shepherd, how much Grass they eat,
But well concocting it within, declare
This by the Milk and Fleeces, which they bear.

* *Moral Preepts.*

H

Don't

Don't therefore make an empty boasting Shew
Of Theorems before the vulgar Crew,
But let their wholesome Fruits digested well
Be the loud Heralds, how far you excel.

C H A P. LXX.

When you have learned frugally to treat
Your Body, be not proud of such a Fear.
Nor, if you quaff the Fountain, vainly boast
Each Turn, how little your cool Frolicks cost.
Would you inure your self to Toil and Sweat,
And by small Hardships be prepar'd for great?
'Tis brave; but do it to your self alone,
And court not popular Admiration;
Like those, who clasp the Statues, and aloud
Proclaim their Grievance to th' assembled Croud.
But scorch'd with Thirst, if any time you look
For a cold Cordial from the running Brook,
Soop * in a Mouthful to allay your Pain,
And telling no Man spit it out again.

* *It is the saying of Apollonius, Epict. l. 3. p. 290.*

CHAP. LXXI.

A vulgar but on outer things reflects,
No Hurt or Profit from himself expects ;
A Sage within himself sublimely lives,
And thence all Loss expects, or Gain derives.

CHAP. LXXII.

What a Proficient is, these Signs will teach,
He praises no Man, no Man does impeach.
Nought of himself he vainly Preaches forth,
As if a Scholar or a Man of Worth.
None as the Cause of his Frustration names,
Croft or restrain'd himself alone he blames.
Smiles to himself at those, which him commend
Nor pleads, not Guilty, when they reprehend.
But as one newly cur'd of Stone or Gout,
A Wound or Fracture, softly moves about,
Till Humours settle, and each Part grows Sound :
So he with wary steps does walk his Round.

Curbs all * Desire, shuns only things, which
steer * 117

Crofs to the Motions of his proper Sphere,
With a cold Onset all things doth attack,
Content, where he can't conquer, to step back.
Nick-name him Fool or Dunce, he will not stay
To wipe th' Asperſion off, but keeps his Way:
And in a Word, with a ſuſpicious Eye
Doth watch himſelf, as tho' an Enemy.

C H A P. LXXIII.

When one looks big, and in a lofty ſtrain
Bragſ, he can make obſcure *Chryſippus* plain,
Say, had not he wrote darkly, this Man's Boaſt
To ſolve his Riddles, had been clearly loſt.
But as for me, what would I? Nature learn,
And by her Guidance manage each Concern.
But who ſhall teach me Nature's myſtic Will?
What learned Scribe, t'expound her, has the Skill?
Told, 'tis *Chryſippus*, I conſult his Page,
But cannot fathom ſo profound a Sage;

I seek a Commentator, and as yet
 Nought grand, nought worthy of a Boast I get.
 But having found him, having understood
 His Lessons, it remains, I make them good.
 This only now is great and worth Desire:
 But if the bare explaining I admire,
 For *Homer* I *Chrysippus* but expound,
 And tread on *Lily's*, not Lord *Bacon's* Ground.
 I rather than, when some one says, pray read
Chrysippus to me, blush and hang the Head.
 Because I can't so high a Consort strike,
 To make his Precepts and my Practice like.

CHAP. LXXIV.

These Lessons carefully as Laws observe,
 As one, that would be impious thence to swerve; 119
 Fame is no Part of your committed Trust,
 Slight that, and mind, you should be wise and just.
 As if bright Em'rald * counting its own Worth,
 Or Gold, or Purple, thus should cry it forth,

* M. Anton. lib. 6. Sect. 11.

Say others, what they please; I ought to hold
 My Colour, conscious, I am Pearl or Gold.
 So let Men's Pleasure talk, what e'er it can,
 This is my Business, to be a good Man.
 But they † will make my serious Thoughts their
 Game.

And Cattel, had they sense, would do the same,
 Deride all those, who should devoutly pay
 Respects to ought but Barly, Oats, and Hay.

C H A P. LXXV.

What Time d'e wait for yet? how long delay
 To enter on the best and noblest way,
 And ne'er from right-dividing Reason stray?
 Thou hast been usher'd into Wisdom's School,
 And took her Precepts for a perfect Rule.
 What further Master do you then expect,
 To make your Tenets and your Life correct?
 You are not yet a Youth, but Man full grown,
 If now you flag, or sluggishly sit down,

† Epict. l. 2. c. 14. p. 209.

Still make Resolves to mend, still fix a Day,
When you'll begin to act a wiser Play,
You'll scarce perceive, you are but as you were
At first, a Scholar of the hindmost Reer;
An Under-graduate you will still remain,
And live and dye like any vulgar Swain.
Like an adult Proficient therefore strive
Forthwith to act and like your self to live.
And every thing, your Reason dictates best
Hold as a Sanction not to be transgress.
If Pleasure, Pain, or Glory shall present
To cross your Aim, and balk your brave Intent,
Remember, now the Combate is begun, 126
Th' Olympic present, and you cannot shun,
Nor put the Conflict off; once giving way
Or resolute stand will lose, or win the Day.
Thus *Socrates* in all things did promote
Himself, and gain'd the universal Vote,
Grasp'd all Perfection, and with generous Pride
Would follow none, where Reason was not Guide.
You're not yet *Socrates*, but if you'd be
His Equal, you must strive to live as He.

C H A P. LXXVI.

The foremost Place in philosophic Schemes
 Is that, which shews the Use of Theorems.
 As that we must not lye, but every Word
 Should to our Meaning be a perfect Cord.
 The next of Demonstration treats, as why
 Truth ought to be preferr'd before a Lye.
 The Third makes out, our Reason does not err,
 But well demonstrates, what it should infer.
 Shews, what's a Demonstration, what a Sequel,
 What true, what false, what pugnant and unequal.
 The third Place then is for the second's sake,
 This as a Leader to the first we take;
 But the most needful, that which ought to be
 Our Journey's End, the first. But what do we?
 Quite cross-wise, dwell upon the Third; and here,
 The First neglected, standeth all our Care:
 We therefore lye, but promptly can conclude
 Our Demonstration against Lying good.

Chap.

CHAP. LXXVII.

In every Circumstance thus should we pray,
 Good *Jove*, and thou, O Fate, direct my Way
 To whatsoever you consign me o'er,
 State high or low, a Wealthy or a Poor:
 So I both stout and good will follow you,
 Or bound in adamantine Chains must do.

CHAP. LXXVIII.

Who treats Necessity, whatever Chance
 Betides him, with a decent Complaisance,
 Deserves the Songs of all the tuneful Nine
 As both a Sage and skill'd in things divine.

CHAP. LXXIX.

And this third Lesson (may it be enroll'd
 On Marble-Leaves in Capitals of Gold)

If

If this Decree from Destiny doth run,
 Dear *Crito*, let the Will of God be done:
 In vain shall spiteful Foes against me arm;
 Kill me they may, but never do me Harm.

The End of the Enchiridion.

NOTES

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NOTES.

E*nchiridion* (from the Greek ἐνχειρίδιον) is any thing, which you may conveniently hold in your Hand, particularly a little Sword, which Soldiers were wont to carry about them, to be ready on all Occasions. Whence, as it is used here, it may be render'd either a Manual for its Brevity and Portableness, it being but a Handful of Instructions; or a Hand-dagger for its Use, as affording us such Documents, as every one should always have in a Readiness by him, that desires to live happily; and as being very moving and pungent, so that they, who are not wholly benumm'd and mortify'd, may be stimulated thereby to a feeling of their own Passions, and be excited to correct them.

It is an Epitome of *Epictetus's* Doctrines, not made by himself (for, he like *Socrates*, left nothing behind him of his own Writing) but by *Arrian* his Auditor, who having gather'd out of *Epictetus's* Discourses the most useful and necessary Points in Philosophy, cast them into the present Order and Method, as *Arrian* himself testifies in his Epistle to *Magdalenus*, to whom was his chief Friend, and especially because he was a great Admirer of our Authour, he dedicated them.

It is the Abstract of a larger Work in Four Books, entitled *Arrian's Epictetus*, composed for the Help of his Memory, containing the same things, which he heard him speak, and, as nigh as he could recollect, in the same Words, which are also more briefly inserted in this *Enchiridion*, as he, who shall compare Both together, will find.

Chap.

CHAP. I. v. 1. and 2.

What he means by Some things being in us or in our Power, others not, you may learn from his own words, as follows

When thou wilt thy body to be intire, is it in thee, or not? not in me. to be healthy? nor this. to be fair? nor this. to live or dye? nor this neither. the Body therefore is an other's, obnoxious to every one stronger than it. be it so. hast thou nothing Self powerful and unalienable? Can any Man make thee to assent to a Falshood? no. In the Place of Assent thou art therefore free. Can any one force thee to essay any thing, which thou wilt not? no, but if I essay to walk, he may hinder me. What of thine can he hinder? thy Ppropension to any thing? no. Thy Body then? yes. But as a Stone (may be hindred from going, whither it tends, as when you hold it in your Hand or Sling, while it's Tendency is still to the Earth) be it so, but I no longer walk. Who told thee then, that to walk was an unhinderable Work of thine? for I said, that only was unhinderable to essay. Who can compel thee to desire what thou wilt not have none. to propose, or reject &c. nor this. but desiring somewhat he may hinder me to obtain it. If thou desirest any of thy own things, and such as are unhinderable (as to assent to any apparent Truth, differ from a manifest Falshood, suspend your Judgment in Things doubtful, &c.) how will he hinder thee? not at all. Who therefore told thee, that any one desiring what is an other's, is incapable of Hinderance? shall I not then desire Health? by no means, or any what else in an other's Disposall. Remove from it not only thy Hands, but Desire; else thou hast delivered

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put thy self a Slave, thou hast put thy Neck under the Yoke.

V. 3. Sentiment,

Or Opinion of any thing as good, evil, or indifferent, out of which, if good (really or supposed) there ariseth [*ὄρεξις καὶ ὁρμή*] Desire of it and Access towards it, Pursuit after it, an Essay or Endeavour to get it; if evil [*ἐκκλισις καὶ ἀφορμή*] Aversion of, and Retreat or Retreat from it. So the *ὁρμή* according to *Simplicius* is consequent on Desire and ministerial to it, the Soul's going forth to meet and take Hold of the desirable Object; the contrary to which is the [*ἀφορμή*] Access or Flight from the loathed Object, and an endeavour to avoid it. For (says he) we must first Desire or loath, and so [*ὁρμήσαι προσελθεῖν*] endeavour to come at the desirable, or retreat from the detestable thing.

Now this may be true, taking the Objects last mention'd in an ordinary sense for things grateful or displeasant to our natural Gust. But in our Author's Notion, who is for the total extinction of Desire, the [*ὁρμή* and *ἀφορμή*] Access and Retreat seem to have no Relation to that, or Aversion: For he allowing nothing to be really Good or Evil but Virtue and Vice, and placing both in the Power of our own Choice, saving that the Acts of some Virtues, as Justice and Beneficence may be hinder'd, though the Inclination and Movement of the Will towards them cannot *) what Room is there for any Endeavour to come at or

* And the same may be said of the contrary Vices.

fly from that, which is so far already at our Disposal, that 'tis but will either way, and the thing done. The ὀρέμῃ and ἀφορμῇ then must relate to things external and (generally speaking) indifferent. The former, when it is, as he would have it in order to Man's Praise (for sometimes it is taken for a bare Essay or Attempt towards any common Action, as to walk, sit, rise, &c.) is a moderate, decent, and reasonable Pursuit of somewhat, which, tho' indifferent is yet necessary, useful, or pleasant in Life, with a Indifference towards it, lest otherwise, if we happen to be frustrated of our Aims, we grieve and vex ourselves; the latter a like comely Retreat from what troublesome to sense or otherwise incommodious to Life. And this, supposing him to have allotted every Object its proper Act, is suitable to his Distribution of things into

Good	Evil	and indifferent, which are	
as the	as the	Pleasant	or troublesome
Virtues	Vices	Health, &c.	Sickness, &c.
to	which	belong	
ὀρεΐς	ἐκκλίσις	ὀρέμῃ	ἀφορμῇ
a sedate	Aversion	Access to	Recess from them
calm		with becoming	Circumstances,
Desire		to Time, Place, Manner; with	

Reserves, if God will, and as far, as I may consistently with my Character of a Wise and Good Man either in a private or public Capacity. This Interpretation of the Words seems to be countenanced by what he says, *Epiet. l. i. c. 4. p. 93.* there seek thy Proficiency, O Wretch, where thy Work is: And where is thy Work? in the Desire and Aversion, that thou may'st not be disappointed of the one, or fall into the other, [*ἐν ὀρέμαϊς καὶ ἀφορμαῖς*] in thy Prosecutions and Flights, that thou may'st be impeccant

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in giving thy Assent or suspending it, that thou may'st be unerring. See also p. 290.

V. 5. with every Work —

Our Work is any thing, which we do by Deliberation and Choice. Nothing is properly ours but the good or ill use of our free Faculties, whereof we make a laudable Use, when we employ them, as the precedent Quotation directs.

V. 8. a Foreign Power's.

For tho' we have a Power to do somewhat in Order to the acquiring or preserving them, yet they are not absolutely at our Disposal; Fortune must favour us with a friendly Gale, or else we shall sail wide of our desired Port.

CHAP. 3. v. 1. Now mind —

He makes frequent Use of this word [*μνήμη*] mind or remember, as speaking (saith *Simpl.*) to a rational Soul, which has always the Reasons of things coessential with it self and the innate Truth of them, but is sometimes thro' the Power of Matter, which it was first incorporated with or immersed in (for he is for the Pre-existence of rational Souls, supposing them to be ingenerable and incorruptible, tho the Stoicks think otherwise p.23) enfeebled to the clear Discovery thereof, and therefore had need be roused to Attention with this Alarm ever and anon sounding in it's Ears, remember

Then

Then none shall force you —

If we regulate our Desires and Aversions, in which alone our proper Good or Evil consists, according to Nature, *i.e.* right Reason, no one can constrain us to do otherwise. If so we shall not at any Time be grieved. For all our Sorrow and Trouble proceed from these two Causes, our not obtaining the Things which we desire, and falling into those, which we endeavour to avoid. But if we keep within the Sphere of our own Operations, we shall never be disappointed by missing our Desires, or being overtaken by the hateful Objects of our Aversion. Consequently we shall not be afraid of any one. For we fear only those who either hurt us, or hinder our Advantages. But who is so Strong as, to force the Desires and Aversions of him, that lives according to Reason? as long as we resolve to act like Men, who can compel us to the contrary?

Nor for the same Reason shall we complain against any; for whatever they take from us, they take only what was their's, or what they had a Power (tho' not Right) to take; but what is our own, right Opinions, regular Affections, and vertuous Actions, they have left with us; and so we have no Cause to blame them, as having done us no harm. It's true, they may be unjust in dealing with us contrary to Law and Equity; but that is their Harm, not our's.

We must neither blame the Gods; for they do nothing amiss willingly, or unwillingly; nor yet Men, for they never offend but unwillingly * so that we must blame Nobody. *M. Anton. l. 12. Sect. 10.*

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* To which we answer, that they willingly do in most Cases that, which they know to be evil, *i.e.* contrary to a known Law, tho' they will it not as evil to themselves, but as good : as when they lye, steal, murder, or transgress any other Moral Duty for their own Profit or Pleasure. In the Case of Malice and Revenge they count it good for themselves to do evil to others ; as such they believe and intend it, which is Diabolical ; and for gratifying their Lusts and Passions against the clear Light of their Reason (for themselves would count it very hard and unjust to receive such Measure from others) they are highly culpable and blame-worthy.

CHAP. 4. v. 2. With no mean Desire.

Not so slight as to set any thing before them or in Competition with them ; nor yet so vehement, as to pursue them with an Eagerness improporionate to our Strength. For Learners must go on gradually, beginning with smaller Things first, and thence proceeding to greater, lest passionately making after Things, which are beyond their Ability, they grieve at their Disappointments, and give over their Endeavours as despairing of Success.

V. 3. Totally reject

Sensual Pleasures, Sordid Gains, ambitious prosecution of Glory and Grandeur, which are altogether obstructive to a virtuous and philosophic Life. Here you may observe, that our Author does not condemn the Possession of Wealth, Honour, Empire as inconsistent with Virtue and Happiness, but only the too eager desire and pursuit of them : If they are thrown into our Laps, we may not scruple to make use of them. For he compares Prefectures, Provinces, and other like high Offices of Command and Honour to

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Nuts

Nuts and Figs, which, when scatter'd abroad, the Boys scramble for and contend about, but not Men; for they esteem it too mean and beneath them. However if they fall into their Bosom, they will take and eat them; for so much Respect may a Fig or Nut deserve from us. But if I must stoop and over-turn an other, or be over-turn'd my self, and flatter those, that enter the Room, where these things are distributed, let the Fig go for me, it is not so much worth, I'll not buy it at that Rate.

V. 4. for the present time neglect

Such externals, as being prudently handl'd are not prejudicial to the Goods of the Mind, as they are necessary or useful to our bodily Welfare. As the getting of an House and Servants, legitimate Marriage, Procreation of ingenuous Children, &c. which he adviseth us to defer for the Present, that we may without Distraction attend the Studies of Wisdom, till we are so beaten in the Road of Virtue, that we may without danger of Seduction converse with exterior things.

C H A P. 5. v. 1. To each disturbing Image---

His Word is [*φαντασία*] any external Appearance or sensible Object, apt to form in the Mind a pleasing or frightful Idea, or give it an Occasion to pass some judgment upon it, either as good or evil, beneficial or hurtful to our selves or others. Or the Idea itself, the Representation or Picture of it in the Mind taken either way I render it an Image or Fancy, as being, so far as it carries with it a shew of Good or Evil, not really what it pretends to be, but a Shew and Appearance only. For instance

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Pleasure, Freedom, Wealth, Honour, Health, Life, in the ordinary Account are welcome Appearances, fit to be coveted and pursu'd, for they seem good.

Pain, Servitude, Poverty, Dishonour, Sickneſs, Death, are unwelcome Appearances, deſerving to be hated and ſhun'd, for they ſeem evil; but either of them ſo eſteem'd are meer Appearances, not what they ſeem to be. All the Good or Evil that is in them; is from our Miſconceit and erroneous Conſtruction: For we our ſelves are neither the better for any of them, nor the worſe. But tho' the things themſelves are indifferent, yet their uſe is not; that may be very good or very evil, as we manage them, and this only is imputable to us in order to our Praise or Blame. Riches are not in our Power, nor Health, nor Glory, nor any thing elſe, but a right Uſe of Appearances, l. 2. p. 231. The Judgment, which we make of theſe things, and the Paſſions and Actions, which they excite in us, or draw from us, is that which alſo he calls Chap. 11. [*χεῖρις φαντασιῶν*] the Uſe of Appearances, and makes to be the proper Work of a Man; a Good and Wiſe, if he look on them, as they are in themſelves *i. e.* indifferent (not as they ſhow to the Senſe or Fancy) and is not moved by them to any Diſcompoſure of Mind or Indecency of Action in his Proſecutions or Flights; Enjoyments or Sufferances of external things; an evil and fooliſh, if he do the contrary.

He terms it here [*φαντασία τεχνία*] a rough or troubleſome Fancy, as exaſperating our Minds and diſcompoſing them by the irregularity and unevenneſs of the Motions, which from the ſeeming Dreadfulneſs

or other Evil thereof, it produceth in us, as Anger, Fear, Sorrow, &c. for the Cure of which say with *Antoninus*, "What dost thou here, O Fancy? be gon for God's sake, as thou camest. For I have no need of thee; but thou art come according to thy old Custom. I am not angry with thee, only begone. l. 7. *Sect. 13.*

V. 8. This is Nought to Me.

No? Is the Death or other Disaster of thy Wife, Children, or dearest Friends, nothing to thee? by no means. I ought to be happy for all, wretched for none, saith he. Not that we should be utterly careless however of our personal or relative Concerns, our private Welfare, or that of the Community (for we are Denizens of the World, and Citizens of a particular Polity, as such should be tender of their Interests, and beneficent, as far as may be to all Men, as he teaches) but that they are not worthy of our Sollicitude, or should not so affect us, as to be moved thereby to any Disquietude of Mind on the Account of them; according to the saying of *Antoninus*, I can think of this thing, as I ought to: If I can, why am I troubled? Things without my Mind, are nothing to my Mind. Be thus perswaded, and thou art right.

And certainly this looks like a very plausible Assertion, that what happens without our Fault, and is not remediable by our Power, should not trouble us. And yet we see it does (immoderately no doubt it should not) and the best Men in History have been praised for shedding Tears over their deceased Friends, and bewailing the Calamities of their Country, as

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signifying thereby, that they counted themselves Members of the Body of Mankind, of whose Grievances they had so tender a Feeling. So that we must either say, that these brave Men knew not what it was to live according to Nature, or that the Apathy, which our Authors contend for, is a strain beyond it.

C H A P. 7. v. 7. At present all intense —

Obj. He bids us to annul Desire and quench it. As, will nothing, which an other has Power to withhold. Chap. 20. not desire it, but wait, till it comes. c. 21. Curbs all Desire. c. 72. v. 12. What then is the [at Present] for? it may be said, that here he speaks to a Beginner; there he shews, what is the Duty of a more advanced Sage. At Present, while you are a Learner, remove Desire wholly. *i. e.* Exercise it not at all but in a very slack Degree; and hereafter, as you grow on to Perfection *, quench it utterly. Why?

Because it is prejudicial to your Duty and Happiness, as rendering you uneasy, till you gain your Wish, and disposing you to fall foul with God and Men, if they finally disappoint it.

But how can I live without some Desire? if you have no absolute or inconditionate one of your own, but will and desire (as he constantly speaks) in Conjunction with God, still comporting your self to the Season, and managing well the Present, without Anticipation of the Future, or Retention and Arresting of the Past. as said c. 21 And in this Sense probably he

* See P. 117.

requires the total Abolition of Desire, and no otherwise, viz. As it signifies an impatient one (see p. 117) and un subordinate to the Pleasure of God favouring us with Opportunities to accomplish it. For how a perfect Nullity of Desire is possible to a mortal Man, who is made up of Wants, and consequently of Desires (it being natural to every living Thing to desire what is necessary to the Support of it's Being and Propagation of it's Kind) I cannot understand.

Or thus, --- do not for the Present, while you are studying the Elements of Happiness and the Art of Bliss, employ your Thoughts about Secular Affairs, as Matrimony, getting an Estate, &c. As to these Things, during your Endeavours after philosophical Proficiency, restrain Desire altogether; taking it for the Application of what he had said Chap. 4. Some Things you must totally leave alone, others for the Present defer. Do so therefore, says he, at Present lay aside all Thoughts and Desires about these external Conveniences, and be wholly Intent on the Studies of Wisdom, beginning with the good Management of Aversion, by fixing it on those Things, which are repugnant to the Offices of right Reason. For this is safe and easy for a Learner, whose principal Care should be to shun all debauching Principles and Practices. According to that of Horace,

Virtus est vitium fugere, & sapientia prima Stultitiam caruisse — But there is some Danger of Miscarriage in the Matter of Desire, and therefore a Fresh-man should not be entrusted with the free Exercise of it, but, as far as may be, bridle it altogether; lest for Want of Judgment what he ought to desire, and in what Manner, and how far Opportunity will favour him,

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him, he let loose his Appetite to his own Prejudice, by extending it to Things, which are not in his Power to atchieve, or being gain'd will rather hurt than profit him.

—— your present Reach retire.

But why may I not aspire to the nobler Altitudes of rigid and philosophick Vertue (such as he recommends Chap. 21. verse 11, and Chap. 70) ? these are brave indeed and worthy of your Desire ; but you are not yet come so far ; they are as yet, tho' not unattainable simply, too high for you. Be content therefore, making it your principal Care to purge your Soul from all vicious Actions and Affections, to carry your self towards other things coldly and indifferently. Whether you affect or loath, make after or recede from things (which I take to be the meaning of the [*ἡσυχία* and *ἀπορροή*]) in all your Sallies or Retreats relating to Matters not absolutely in your Power,) do it moderately, and as you feel your self able, with a Relaxation short of the highest Bent, lest aiming at things beyond your present Reach, you despond and grow weary.

For a Man ought not in Prudence to leap immediately from a dissolute or soft Life to the Austerities of Abstinence and hard Fare ; but, quitting all things vicious instantly, to pare off Superfluities by degrees ; to withdraw himself from his former Indulgences by little and little, to do it [*μετὰ συνέσεως*] by a secret stealth as it were, or with a gradual Abatement and Substraction, as that Word sometimes signifies, and is accordingly render'd by *Simplicius* ; tho' there be another, perhaps truer Interpretation of it given by *Antoninus*, which I have followed and set down, V. 15.

With an Exception ———

For so he bespeaks himself *lib. 6. Sect. 36.* μέμνησο, ὅτι μεθ' ὑπεξαίρεσως ὁρμήεις, ὅτι καὶ ἢ ἀδυνατόν ἐκ ὁρέγῃ. Remember, that thou prosecutest with Exception, and that thou didst not desire Impossibilities. So *l. 4. Sect. 1.* τὸ ἐνδόν κυριεύον, &c. ὁρμήεις πρὸς τὰ ὑγέμενα μεθ' ὑπεξαίρεσως; that Part of us, which predominates within, moves towards the principal things with Exception; again *lib. 6. Sect. 15.* ὁρμήεις ὃ καὶ διαδέσσεως ἔστιν ἐμπόδια διὰ τῶν ὑπεξαίρεσων καὶ πειτροπλῶ. The Attempt and Purpose are not hindered because of the Exception and Conversion. For the Mind converts and transforms every Restraint of the Operation or Effect into the thing principal, which is Virtue and acting reasonably in all Occurrences.

Here the ἐρμὴ signifies an Attempt or Movement of the Will towards some brave and eminent Act of Virtue, as Justice, Piety, Beneficence, or other laudable Service to private Persons or the Public; wherein tho' I may meet with Obstructions from the resisting Wills of other Men, yet in this Attempt I am not wholly frustrated, both because I did not move towards what I designed, absolutely, but with a Reserve and Proviso, if all circumstances necessary to the effecting it, favourably concur; and because I can convert it to a good Use; being forcibly hinder'd in the Exercise of one Virtue, I can pass over to another, Patience, Equanimity, Submission to Providence (*See l. 6. Sect. 36.*) if you will not let me quietly wash (which I never absolutely design'd) I will quietly bear your Rudeness, and return Home, as calm as I came hither, in spite of you. So I am still secure of my main Drift, which is, not to do this or that in particular, but to behave my self decorously

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corously, and as Reason prescribes, in all Circumstances, being absolute for nothing else. This *EpiCtetus* calls *Mercury's* Rod, which turns all it touches, into Gold; *Antoninus* compares it to Fire, which turns all combustibles into its own Substance. And this serves to explain, in what sense the *ὀργανὸν* is unkinderable, and how we ought to use it, which is a main Part of his Doctrine, and particularly exemplify'd in the 9th Chap. of his *Enchir*.

Having lead you, as well as I could, clear out of the Briars, the Remainder of our Way will be more smooth and easy.

C H A P. 10. v. 3. Death for Example—

This Article, as it stands here independent on his other Positions, may admit a favorable Construction, thus— Death is not terrible to any good Man, no more than it was to *Socrates*, if we look on it, as he did, as a Passage to an other Life, in which he shall enjoy the Rewards of his Innocence and Virtue in a blissful Immortality. And I cannot understand, how it can chuse but be terrible, at least very unwelcome, consider'd otherwise. For what Comfort is there in thinking, that he shall shortly be either Nothing, or Wretched? having been wicked be miserable for ever as the Punishment of his Iniquity; or end all his Sports and Pleasures in Annihilation? which being the best use an evil Conscience can make of Death, is yet grievous enough to any considering Man, *post omnia perdere naulum*, after all his Acquisitions and Enjoyments to lose himself. On the other side, how can it be other than a sorry Consideration for a good Man if it be possible to be truly Good without the Hope of

of Immortality) that after he has liv'd the Life of an Hero or Angel, he shall have no Recompence for his Virtues but to dye the Death of a Beast ?

But the aforesaid Exposition is no way consistent either with his Principles in this Book, or his Assertions elsewhere. For Death being none of the [*ἡμῶν*] Things in our Power, it is by his own Rule Chap. 5. Nothing to us ; in which Point he falls in with *Epicurus*, whom he otherwise most strenuously oppugns, and as effectually (tho' undesignedly) enervates all the Obligations to Virtue, as he by denying Providence and placing Man's chief Good (if it be true, he did) * is supposed to have done. For if Death be nothing to us, what matters it, how we live ? let us eat and drink, for to Morrow we dye.

And that it is Nothing in the present Acceptation of it, he seems expressly to assert in these Words. Death is a greater Change, not from the present Being into Non-being, but to that, which at present is not : *ἐκίπῃ ἐν ἔσσεσθαι* ; shall I therefore be no longer [*ἐκ ἔσσης, ἀλλ' ἀλλότῃ, ἧ νῦν ὁ κόσμος χεῖραν ἔχει*] thou shalt not be, but somewhat else, which the World has now need of, *l. 3. c. 24.* And *l. 3. c. 13.* When He, i. e. God does not afford thee Necessaries, he sounds Retreat, he has opened the Door, and says, come Whither ? into nothing grievous or formidable, but to things friendly and akin to thee, whence thou hadst thy Original, into the Elements ; as much Fire, as was in thee, goes into Fire ; as much of Earth, into Earth ; as much of Breath or Air, into Air ; as much

* In corporal Pleasure.

of Water, into Water: [*ἡδὴ Ἄδης*] there is no *Hades*, no *Acheron*, no *Cocytus*, no *Periphrægethon*, but all things are full of Gods and Demons.

And shall I personally converse with them? is there no future State of Rewards and Punishments (for I do not fault him for denying the *Hades* in the fabulous and poetical Notion of it) where Men shall be recompenced according to their present Demerits? to which I can gather by his Words no Answer but in the Negative, to wit, that Vice has no Punishment, nor Virtue Reward other than what each brings along with it in the present Exercise or Commission.

There are certain Punishments as by Law ordain'd for those, who are disobedient to the Divine Government. Whosoever shall esteem any what to be good besides things arbitrary (or such as are in the Power of our own Choice) let him envy, covet, flatter, be troubled. Whoso counts any thing else evil, let him grieve, lament, mourn, be wretched, *l. 3. c. 9.* these are bad enough indeed, but are there no other? not at all. As *Jove* has order'd thee, so do; and if thou dost not, thou shalt be scond'd, thou shalt be damnify'd. With what Dammage? no other but the not doing what thou ought'st: Thou wilt lose the Faithful, the Bashful, the modest Man. Other Dammages greater than these, enquire not after, *l. 3. c. 7. ad nem.*

Agreeably hereunto the Royal Philosopher, who almost every where treads in his Steps, has these Words --- How is it, that the Gods having ordered all things well and lovingly with Respect to Men, have overseen this only, that some Men and these too

too very good, and such as have made many Leagues with the Divinity, and to a very great Degree by holy Works and sacred Performances render'd themselves familiar with them, when they are once dead, no longer exist, but are totally extinguish'd? Yet this (if it be so) know assuredly, that, if it ought to have been otherwise, they would have done it. *Anton.*
l. 12. Sect. 5.

But in this, tho' great Admirers of *Socrates*, they receded from him, who fortify'd himself against Death, not by the consideration of its being indifferent and meerly natural (as, what Evil is it for a Plumb to drop from the Tree, or be shaken down by an other? no more is Death, it is nothing but a separation of the Soul and Body, and a Resolution of a Man's Frame into the Elements, of which it was compounded, there being no *Tartara* or *Elysium* which they might have done well to have prov'd, as well as said) but from the Belief of the Soul's Immortality, whereof he discoursed to his Friends at that Day, in which he expected his Execution; and his good Hope of being accepted with God in the other World for his sincere Endeavour to please him in this.

Particularly as to the [*ἄσβεστος* or] separate State, *Plato* in his *Criton* introduceth the Laws speaking to him, as his own Sense, thus---- obeying us thy Father-Parents; do not prefer Children, or Life, or any thing else, before what is good, [*ἵνα εὖ ἴδῃς ἑαυτὸν ἵκεῖν*] that being come into the other World thou may'st be able to make Apology for all these things to those who preside there.

The bringing in therefore of *Socrates* for Proof, that Death has nothing in it terrible or grievous, is impertinent in this Author. For what does it avail us to be told, that Death seemed not dreadful to *Socrates*, unless we have (what cannot be had by this Man's Principles) the same Armour against its Terrors, which he had? However I would be glad to find myself mistaken in the present Conjecture; for it is great Pity, that so excellent a Moralist as *Epictetus* is in other things, should be guilty of so fatal an Error.

Th' unletter'd Person —

Faults others, when things go cross with him, not considering that the Cause of every Man's Misery or Misfortune is his own wrong Judgment of things, and the irregular Passions thence proceeding: For had he placed his Good and Evil within himself, it had not been in the Power of an other to disappoint him.

A Learner blames himself —

As knowing, he was the Author of his own Frustrations, by yielding to his brute Affections, and acting otherwise than Reason and the Rules of Chap. 6 and 7 prescribe.

A ripe Proficient no Body: Not others, as placing neither his Good nor Evil in external things, in which alone they have any Power to hinder him; not himself, as doing nothing culpably, but always living according to Nature.

Chap.

CHAP. II. What then is yours? --

The Use of Appearances: For which see p. 78, 79. By this Word, *Simplicius* thinks, is meant here Opinions, whereof he had spoken in the first Chap. and what he had there called *ὑπολήψεις*, he now names *φαντασία*. But the Instances in this and the preceding Chapter shew the contrary. Death is a *φαντασία* of Appearance, which is apt to fright us; and a Beautiful Horse is an Appearance apt to make us value ourselves as some Body for being owners of it. But this is not our either Good or Evil; and therefore we should not be frighted at the one, or conceited for the other, as if we our selves were the better for it. What then is yours? The use of Appearances (not the use of Opinions, but) to have right Opinions of them; to judge of these and all other *Phænomena* of Appearances of Human Life, as they are in themselves, and treat them accordingly, as before explained p. 79. for this properly is our own, and we may justly prize our selves as more or less perfect, proportionably to the Degree, in which we possess these Qualities. And if you observe it, most of his subsequent Discourses are nothing else but Direction what Use of these Appearances is to be made.

And this is agreeable to what he speaks, *l. r. c. 8 p. 106*: If any ask me, what is the Good of Man, I have no other Answer to make, but that it is [*ποικίλην προαίρεσιν φαντασιῶν*] a certain choice or preference of Appearances. For whereas divers Men pass divers judgments, some wrong, others right; to chuse the latter, which slight the Appearances of Wealth, Honour, Pleasure, popular Esteem, &c. as meer Shadows

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and fallacious Images of Bliss, is the Part of a wise and good Man ; for upon this all other rectify'd Passions and becoming Actions, which denominate him happy, depend as their natural Consequents.

Then boast--- i.e. then only value thy self (for boasting in the common Sense he disallows) as a brave Man, when thou hast right Opinions and a suitable Behaviour.

CH A P. 12. v. 1. As when a Ship---

Simplicius from the Notion he has of a Man, viz. that he is a rational Soul using the Body and its reasonable Passions as her Instruments, rightly infers, that the Soul has a Substance separable from them, and still remaining after their Corruption. For Matter being in it self brute, passive, and servile, there must be some higher Principle in Man to make him an Active, Intelligent, and Commanding Being, to wit, an immaterial Spirit, which being heterogeneous to, and independent on the Body, may as well subsist out of it, as in it ; tho' it may be hinder'd in her Functions by it thro' the Indisposition of its Organs ; which yet no more proves the Soul to be a Part of the Body, or Reason the Result of a certain Configuration of Atoms, than the not playing right, when the Strings are out of Tune, proves the Musician to be a Part of his Harp, or that his Skill to play is deriv'd from the Tunableness of the Instrument.

The Ship then in the noblest sense of the Words is our Celestial Home ; as *Simplicius*, who calls it our true Country, may probably understand it, the Blest Abodes or Beatific Mansion of virtuous Souls, which

Plato

Plato calls the Islands of the Blessed ; as *Epictetus* may be presum'd to mean, the Elements or Masses of Matter, into which all Compounds in the Solution of their Texture are refunded, as Rivers into the Ocean. The Pilot God, who steers and governs all Affairs in the World. Going forth to fetch Water, the care of Necessaries, Food, Rayment, House-room, &c. Gathering of a Squill or Cockle, the getting of a Wife and Family. Doing it by the Way, a seasonable Application to, and moderate Use of such things subserviently to our chief Good, which is in all our Actions to eye God, and to wait (for that's the meaning of looking about ever and anon on the Ship, and expecting the Pilot's Signal) when he will call us out of the World, from which we should go forth cheerfully like Men, and not with a Sheepish Constrained grumbling and bewailing (as Cattel grudgingly go from Pasture to Fold) that we must leave the Sweet of Life, and the Endearments of our Family.

But if you are grown old, saith he, you should not go far away from the Ship, that is, not engage yourself too deeply in the Cares of the World, not be bound by any such Tye as that of Matrimony ; lest when you are call'd on to come away, you be found laden with these Fardles, and haled back by your Chains, lamenting, that you must so soon leave your new-marry'd Wife and Infant Children. *Simpl.*

CHAP. XV.

We must remember the Law, and have it always before our Eyes : What is the Divine Law ? to keep our own things, and not claim those, which belong to an other : To use them given, not to desire them

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not given, and, when ought is taken away, to resign it back readily, and at the same Instant give Thanks for the time, that he lent it. *l. 2. c. 16.*

Thine were all things, thou gavest them to me ; take them back again, and set me in what Station thou wilt. *l. 4. c. 10.* and in an other Place thus--- God gave us all things : What to do ? to use them : How long ? as long as he pleaseth : How ? as remembering they are an other's.

CHAP. XVI.

If thou wouldst profit in the School of Wisdom, thou must study that principally, and the things of the World no farther than is necessary. In advising thee to take Care of thy Soul, I do not bid thee to neglect thy Body and Household Affairs: (Thou may'st do both, if thou dost the latter, as Travellers do by an Inn) thou mistakest me in Starting this Objection, do not trouble thy Head with such Thoughts : But put the Case thou can'st not do both at once, it is better to neglect them, than cast off the care of thy self : Better he turn an Unthrif, than thou a Wretch by such a sollicitude to reform him, as is prejudicial to the Peace of thy own Mind, or inconsistent with the pursuit of Wisdom, Virtue, and Happiness.

CHAP. 19. v. 5.

He that would not have an ill Man to sin, is like him, that would not have a Fig-tree to bear juice in her Figs, or Infants to cry, or an Horse to neigh, or any other things, which are necessary. For what should he do having such an Habit or Disposition ?

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M. Anton. l. 12. Sect. 13. either teach them to do better, or bear with them.

But tho' it be the Nature of a wicked Man to do wickedly, and therefore foolish to expect, while he continues so, he should do otherwise, and much more, so to will it, as to fret and storm at him for not doing better; yet it is not the Nature of a Man to do wickedly (for then none could be good) but the quite contrary; and by consequence we may wish, they would cease to be what they now are, and not only will them to be Wise and Good, but endeavour (as they also teach) to make them so, than which nothing is more meritorious; for it is the raising of a Man to a God-like Perfection.

V. 9. But if desiring ought —

If thou art willing to preserve those things, which are self-potent in thee and free by Nature, and to be content with them, what dost thou yet care for? For who is Master of them? Who can take them away? if thou wilt be faithful and modest, who will deny thee leave? Who shall necessitate thee to desire or shun those things which do not seem good to thee? But what? he will do some things to thee, which seem to be terrible; but that thou shouldst suffer them with an Aversion thereunto, how can he effect that? Since therefore it is in thy Power to desire or decline, what dost thou regard more? let this be thy *Exordium*, this thy *Narration*, this the *Confirmation*, this the *Victory*, this the *Epilogue*, this the *Triumph* and *Acclamation*. *l. 2. c. 2. p. 173.*

CHAP. 21. v. the last.

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Passions into a Mediocrity, but makes them do Penance by a total Abstinence from the Enjoyments here mention'd: For so far he lives independently upon all things, like the Deity, who wants nothing. And this seems to be his whole Aim, to shew that the Observers of these Rules come nearest to the Life of God, whose Nature is to be not only most sedate and pure, but also self-sufficient; for of any future Converse with God, he has (that I can find) no Notion.

CHAP. 22. You shed no real Tear---

A Stoic will not permit a Man to mourn his own Disasters, much less heartily to condole other Mens. Why so? Because his Mourning at, or being angry with the Accident, is the only real Evil, he esteems in it. And because he cannot do it without a Wrong to himself. For no good Man mourns, nor grieves, nor makes Lamentation, &c. *l. 2. c. 13. p. 204.* That which he allows therefore, is only a friendly Condescension to his Neighbor's Weakness, a sympathy in outward shew.

CHAP. XXV.

Do not, by placing your Good or Evil in external things, shun or desire ought, which will not yield to the Commands of your own Will; so you shall be invincible. For then we are overcome, when we are frustrated of our Aims, which we cannot be, while we confine our Appetites and Abhorrences to things within the Verge of our own Power. To this Purpose *Simpl.* But it seems to me (for the other is harping too much on one String) to be a Caution to Novices, not to attempt any thing beyond their Strength,

or try Experiments, where they are not sure of success, but to keep out (as we would say) of the Road of Temptations. Wouldst thou be invincible? Do not then engage with the Harder, nor combat at any time upon disadvantageous Terms. Flee far away from the stronger Party: A fair Damsel is an unequal Match for a Young Philosopher: A Pitcher and a Rock, they say, do not agree together. *Epist. l. 3. p. 290.*

Who then is the unconquerable one in the most absolute sense? He, who is not by any external Motive to be tempted from his Duty. If you propose Silver to him, he will despise it: But what if a Damsel? What if in the Dark? What if Glory? What if Rallery? What if Praise? What if Death? All these things he can overcome: This to me is the invincible Champion. *L. I. c. 17.*

CHAP. XXVIII.

Fore-sight of the Possibility of future Calamities makes them present, and frequent Premeditation customary and natural; consequently they will not scare us, when they come, nor tempt us upon any dishonorable Terms to accept Deliverance. For as Reason votes them to be no real Evils: So they are no more than what we have often convers'd with in Effigy, and daily fore-acted in our Imagination.

And as for Death, if we look on it as the Passing-Room to eternal Bliss or Misery, according as we demean our selves here, no doubt a serious and frequent Meditation of it will dispose us to act always worthy of our selves: No Pleasure will effeminate, no Pain

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sink, no Terror confound our Spirits, nor any thing in the World debase us to unmanly Affections and Practices. For which Cause it was well said by one of the Antients, that Philosophy is the Meditation of Death: Fortify'd with this Belief and Temper, we may be allowed to say (for any Evil it can do a good Man) with *Epicetus*, what is Death? a Bug-bare or Vizor; turn it, and thou shalt know; behold how it does not bite.

But certainly if we take it only for an Elementary Resolution, in which the intellectual Spirit perishes with the Body; and that Men go out of the World but to make Room for others coming in (as he plainly seems to assert) the previous Consideration of it will have no such Effect upon the Generality of Men, as he speaks of. For tho' Persons of such a Reach and Genius as *Epicetus* and *Antoninus*, may thus reason---our proper Good is Moral and Political Vertue; let us therefore do as much good as we can, during this short Life; for after it we shall have no more Opportunity: yet others will be ready to say with *Epicurus* and *Anacreon*, Pleasure is our chief Good, let us therefore drink and play, and gratify every Appetite with agreeable Satisfaction; for Death will soon come and put an End to all our Merriment for ever. (And I do not see on the present Supposition, provided they do it not to the prejudice of their Health and other secular Conveniencies, how they can in Reason be blam'd for it) *ὁ βίος βροτῶν ἀσφαλές*. Life to Mortals is uncertain: Well drunk, I will dance; anointed with fragrant Oil, I will play with beautiful Women. *Anacr.* p. 506. this is the Consequent, and such as make this Use of Death, will find, when they come to look it in the Face, that it retains its old Title, no childish Bug, but King of Terrors.

CHAP. 29. — The Deity's Commands
 I have whom to obey and be Subject to, even God and those, who are next to him. He hath commended me to my self, and subjected my Choice to me alone, having given me Rules for the right Use of it, which while I follow in my Reasonings and Collections, I care for none of those, who say any other Thing. *l. 4. p. 426.* Again, if God had deliver'd thee some Orphan to keep, wouldst thou be so careless of it? He hath committed thee to thy own self, and says, keep me this, as it was by Nature design'd, modest, faithful, sublime, undaunted, impassionate, undisturb'd; and wilt thou not keep it? *l. 2. c. 8. p. 189. i.e.* God by the Voice of Reason within thee says all this. And this is that, which he commends to us here, and should not be diverted from, for all the idle Scoffs and jeering Tricks, which the Commonalty of Men put upon us.

CHAP. XXX.

The Work of a Philosopher is to look in upon himself, and see, that all things be well there, that is, consonant to Reason, approvable to God and his own Conscience, not to seek to please any one without, *i. e.* not to hunt after the Admiration and Applause of Men by seeming good in their Eyes, which whosoever does, thereby loses the Station and Character of a Philosopher. (for he is not against pleasing Men, as that signifies Complaisance, or a courteous accommodation of our selves to their Humours in things innocent, or a readiness to gratify them in all friendly Offices) To this purpose he commends *Socrates* for saying, I did very much conceal my being a Philosopher,

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pher, and this was very profitable to me; for hereby I know, that wh tever I did well, I did it not for the Spectators, but for my self. I do all things to my self and God. *l. 4. p. 408.*

Strive to please God —

For thus he speaks, *l. 2. p. 225.* be willing at length to be pleasing to thy self: Be willing to appear beautiful to God: Being pure, desire to be pure with thy self and with God. And, let this be instead of all other Delectations, to understand, that thou obeyest God; and not in Word, but Deed performest the Duties of an honest and good Man. *l. 3. p. 345.*

C H A P. 31. Saving the modest —

His modest or bashful Man, is he, who follows *Pythagoras's* Precept — do nothing foul or dishonest either alone or in Company — and above all things reverence thy self. Considering, that God and our Genius (or Conscience) are Witnesses to all, that we do or think. Other Men, when they are about any impure, or otherwise, unmanly Employments, skreen themselves in, by Walls, and Houses, and Darknes; and having many Coverings he shuts the Door, placeth some body before the Bed-chamber, who, when any comes in, may say, he is abroad, or not at leisure: But a Cynic, instead of all these, ought to take Bashfulness for his Guard: This is his House, this his Chamberlains, this his Darknes. For he ought not to be willing to hide any of his Actions. *Epicet. l. 3. ch. 22.*

Wherefore? in Regard of God present to, and in-
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specting every one of them. Thou carryest God about thee, O Wretch, and knowest it not: Dost think, I mean some Silver or golden one? Thou bearest him in thy self, and defiling him by unclean Thoughts and sordid Actions perceivest it not. If the Image of God were present, thou would'st not dare to do any of these things, which thou doest; and yet, when God himself is present within, over-seeing and over-hearing all things, art thou not ashamed to think and do these things, insensible of thy own Nature, *lib. 2. c. 7. p. 188.* and a little after: But if thou wert *Phidias's* Image, either *Minerva* or *Jupiter*, thou would'st be mindful of thy Self and the Artificer; and, if thou hadst any sense, thou would'st endeavor to do nothing unworthy of the Maker and thy Self, nor appear to the Spectators in an unseemly Habit: But now that *Jupiter* hath made thee, art thou for this Reason careless, how thou shewest thy self? being the Composure of such a Workman as he, dost thou disgrace it?

Again, when ye have shut the Doors, and made Darkness within, remember, that ye say not at any time, that ye are alone; for ye are not, but God is within, and your Genius. And what need of Light have these to see what you do. *p. 124.*

CHAP. 39. That impious Fellow —

Two Men going to *Delphus* fell among Robbers, whereof the one leaving his Companion to be slain, escaped and came to the Oracle, from whence *Apollo* ejected him with these Words,

Ἄνδρ' εἰς ὃν δ' ἦτορτι παρὼν πύλας ἔκ' ἐπαρύσας
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Who wouldst not aid thy dying Friend, when near,
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CHAP. XL.

It behoves thee being alone to call it Quietness and Freedom, and to esteem thy self like the Gods ; being with many, not to call it a Rout, Tumult, or Trouble, but a Feast and a Solemnity, and so entertain all things with a well-pleased Mind. *l. i. p. 120.* in short, converse both in public and private, as one, who considers the Eye of God to be ever over him : Yea, do and speak all things as an Imitator of God, from whom it is not possible to hide himself, not only doing, but also thinking or conceiving. Such as the Gods are found to be, such must he endeavor to become, who would please and obey them. If the Divinity be faithful, he also must be faithful : If free, beneficent, and magnanimous, he must be so too. *l. 2. ch. 14.*

CHAP. XLIV.

Every one knows, how sacred a thing an Oath is ; therefore should not be us'd but with all due Deliberation, and in Matters of considerable Weight : Otherwise it argues a Contempt of God, to whose Omniscience we then appeal as a Witness to our Truth and Sincerity. I hope, the Generality of the Brave and Well-bred have already convinced the World, that Swearing is not the Characteristic of a Gentleman ; he seemed needful to say somewhat in discountenance of it among others, which may serve as an Apology for so much Prolixity on a Chapter, which for the Paucity of its Words is one of the shortest in the Book.

I shall further remark, that the Philosophers are not always very regardant of their own Rules, as this Author in the Point before us: *ὃν δὲ Δία*, i. e. by *Jove* is frequent with him; but this is a Flea to what follows---- if, when we succeed ill, we blame our selves, and remember, that nothing is the Cause of our Trouble and Discomposure but our own Opinion, I swear to you by all the Gods, that such an one is a Proficient. *l. 3. c. 15. p. 301.*

Vain Man! for what need? and how many Gods are there? if a Multitude, how is it, that some say, you acknowledge the Unity? if one, why dost not speak out, as *Socrates* did? because it may bring upon me his Fate, from which I secure my self by speaking in the Plural, and telling Men (Chap. 38.) that they ought to sacrifice and pay First-fruits according to the National Way. But then to what purpose is it to talk of being a Martyr for God? and that Prisons, Banishments, and Death are nothing to me? *Grandia verba ubi sunt?*

C H A P. 47. Than the Laws allow.

What Laws? those of Men: For Women by Nature are common; but when the Law-giver has divided them, wilt thou not seek thy own part, but snatch away that which is an other's? *l. 1. c. 4. p. 178.*

Now if the Meaning be, that were it not for Human Prohibitions, Reason has nothing to say against the promiscuous Use of them (tho' by the Way, how are Women more common by Nature than Men?) I take it to be a gross Untruth. For let us suppose the Law, which
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impales Women, to be for a Day or two suspended, and all laid common, what they and Men shall do during this Community in the Matter of Venery, they must do as Man and Wife; or as Whore and Rogue, Strumpet and Fornicator. If the Latter, they act against Nature, which having made Man a Sociable Creature, allows no Society, but what will produce an honourable, at least, no indecent Relation between the Sociate Parties: but what honourable, what decent Relation is there between the Parties named Last?

You may say, that on the present Supposition, these ill Names will cease to be ignominious. I doubt that; for even those Gentiles, which tolerated Fornication, and so broke down the Enclosure as to the unmarried and unbetrothed Women, branded it with Infamy. For what Whore-Master, as such, in any civilized Republic ever passed for a good Man, or a good Subject? But suppose it should not be dishonourable as whorish, I think it would be so, consider'd as brutish. For does he act like a Man, that couples like a Bull or a Ram, with as many Cows or Ewes, as they have a Mind to ride? or She as a Woman, who does it as the Latter, with a Quiver open to every Arrow? would Reason left to it self vote this seemly? I say Reason; for blind and unbridled Appetite is an other Thing. It is certain then, that Fornication and all extra-nuptial Conjunctions are dishonest in themselves, antecedently to Human Constitutions. For unless you will consider Mankind as a Forest of Savages, I know not how you can consider Woman-kind as the Commons in it.

But perhaps by their being common by Nature he means only, that before their Matrimony or Espousals, Nature *i. e.* Reason does not appropriate them to any parti-

particular Persons, but they are free for any Man, that can get the good Will of them in Order to a conjugal Society, after which they are imparked and become the Property of those, to whom they have passed their Consent. Even as the Theater (for that's his Comparison) is common to the Citizens for every one to sit, as he comes ; but after they are seated, it is not lawful for any one to jostle the other out of his Place. And I am very willing he should so mean ; for himself as to this Matter seems to have been a most chaste and holy Man ; and whatever he might think concerning the Lawfulness of Fornication, you see, he prefers and recommends Continence before it.

CHAP. 50. To hear no Lectures —

Of Poets, Orators, and the like, who make learned and pompous Discourses for Ostentation's Sake, at which, as nothing tending to the bettering of our Morals, we should not be present without a weighty Cause ; to honour the Speaker being our Friend ; avoid the Displeasure of a powerful Man, who is the Subject of the Panegyric ; or the Odium of Singularity. *Simpl.*

CHAP. 56. But pause a while —

Admit no Fancy or Appearance without Examination, but say, await me a little, O Phantasy, let me see, who thou art, and whence thou comest ; as Night Sentinels are wont, shew the Signal, give the Watchword. Hast thou Nature's Symbol, which a Phancy, that pleads for Admission, ought to have ? l. 3. p. 290.

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CHAP. LVII.

As we should not do any good Thing meerly for Love of Praise, so neither decline the open Doing of what is expedient and necessary for Fear of popular Censures. For many Things are apt to be disliked by the Multitude (as not a few for Instance now a days count it scandalous to go to Church) which a Man would be very much wanting to his Duty should he neglect to please them. He may therefore well ask the Question.

Wherefore should you dread their Sight----

For there is little Ground for it, if, as the Deed is lawful and expedient in it self, so it be safe and decent for others to behold. For we should not expose to light those Parts and their Actions, which Nature it self has shaded without this Limitation it leads to Cynicism, whose Professors were called *Canes*, *quia canum more in propatulo coirent*, and defended it by the same Argument here used: The Action is natural, say they, therefore right and seemly; and what need we care then, who sees it? *Diog. Laertius*. But this he condemns in them as contrary to that Modesty, which, as being an equal Dictate of Nature, a Cynic ought to take for his Veil instead of all other Coverings; otherwise naked and under the open Air he will act indecently.

CHAP. LVIII.

The Hypothetical or Conditional Proposition is called by this Author [*τὸ συμπλεγμένον οἱ συνημμένον*] the

the Complicate or Connex, as folding up or connecting two Propositions in one. As, if it is Day, the Sun is above the Earth---- which with the Minor and Conclusion makes two Assertions---- but it is Day---- therefore the Sun is above the Earth; or rather because the latter Part pretends to be linked with the Former, as it's necessary Consequent, and is, if the Inference be right, really so: As supposing that it is Day, it necessarily follows thereon, that the Sun is above the Horizon. Now to apply this; as these Words [it is Day, it is Night] will make a good disjunctive Proposition, but not an Hypothetical one: (for I cannot say [if it is Day, it is Night] as I may [it is either Day, or Night]) so at a Feast to engross the choicest Dish, or cut the largest Commons out of it, is good for one thing, not for an other; good for my Body perhaps, not for the rest, which sit together with me. So that I cannot, complicating both together, say [if it is beneficial to my particular, it is so to the Community] for where there is an Enclosure, there is no Common. And therefore 'tis as great an Absurdity to think, that I may gormondize at a Feast, and yet keep the *Décorum* of it, as to say, that, when it is Day, it is also Night: Which sense is very ingeniously express'd by Mr. Walker, and is the true Meaning of pronouncing the Terms aforesaid in the Complexion or Conjunction, not as the present Notes, which we have on this Place, tell us [it is now Day, or it is now Night] for what Complication is there in either of these? or how will the [so] in this Interpretation answer to the [as]?

C H A P. 64. ——— complicated Truth

The Instance in *Arrian's Epictetus* p. 163. is [if it is Day,

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Day, it is Light] if any one say, I judge this to be false, what has happen'd to the [*τὸ συννημμένον*] Complicate or Connex? which suffers by it? that? or he, who was deceiv'd concerning it?

His Doctrin in this Chapter is the same with that of Antoninus, l. 7. Sect. 19. who very likely learn'd it from him. When any one sins against thee, presently bethink, what supposed Good or Evil moved him to it; having discerned this, thou wilt pity him, and neither wonder at it, nor be angry. For thou as yet supposest the same thing to be good, or some other of like kind. Thou oughtest therefore to pardon him; but if thou no longer supposest such things to be Good or Evil, the more easily wilt thou become favorable to him being overseen. For they are altogether carry'd towards those things, wherein they do amiss, as to things proper and convenient for them; but they are not so: Then teach and show them without Indignation. *ibid.* l. 6. Sect. 11.

How then? should not I hurt him, that hurts me? He harms himself by being injurious to thee; and wilt thou harm thy self too by returning the Injury? *Epicet. l. 2. c. 11.*

CHAP. LXVII.

The Phrase in the latter Part of this Chapter being obscure and crabbed, as not ordinarily occurring (if at all) in other Authors, and but once, that I can find, in this, I will endeavour to explain it, adapting the Comment, as near as I can, to the Words.

If we judge of Actions, as they are in themselves,
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and say, that it is speedy or much, &c. and do not add the Quality, until we understand the Scope of the Agent (for the Temper of his Body, Constitution of the Air, or a pestilential Place, may require much Wine ; and Disorder by Watching need Relief by a speedy Bath) [*συμῆπτει σι ἄλλαι μὲρ φαντασίας καταληπτικῆς καταλαμβάνειν*] it will come to pass, that thou wilt simply apprehend (*αἰδανέδαι* says *Simpl.*) some Appearances, which are apprehensible by sense, as that represents them ; [*ἄλλαι δ' συγκαταπίθεσαι*] and of others, whose Moral Quality is self-evident or determinable by other Circumstances, pass a definitive Sentence, saying, that they are well or ill done ; which is as much as to say, if you do, as I advise you above, you will act safely and prudently, not be blamable your self for judging rashly and uncharitably of others. For we cannot reasonably be blam'd for speaking of a thing, but just as the thing speaks it self ; provided, in case it be evil, we do not report it with a Design to blast his Reputation.

That this, or such like, is his Meaning, may appear from what he says, *l. 4. c. 8.* never from common Actions praise or dispraise any Man. So you shall free your self both from Rashness and Ill-Nature. This Man doth wash speedily ; does he therefore do illy ? not at all : What then ? he washes speedily. Are all things therefore done well ? in no wise ; but such as flow from right Resolves or Principles, are done well ; and those that proceed from wrong, amiss : Till thou discernest these, do thou neither praise the Work, nor blame it.

abro W. ed. of 1801

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CHAP. 68. Some came with this-----

Such was *Hippocrates* the Son of *Apolodorus*, whom at his Request (tho' it were a foolish and probably a mocking one) he commended to *Protagoras*. And in *Plato's Theætetus* himself says, that he had already deliver'd over many to *Prodicus*, many to other wise and divine Men. *Simpl.*

And he went with them ---- did he storm at them, as we ? and say, what ? do not I seem a Philosopher to thee ? no, but he conducted and commended them, content with this one thing, that he was a Philosopher, and rejoicing, that, when he seemed not such to others, he was not netled at it. *l. 4. p. 409.*

CHAP. 69. Indigested Flegm.

We would presently live as the Wise, and profit Men. What Profit ? what dost thou ? hast thou profited thy self ? but thou wilt exhort them : Thou exhort them ! Shew them by thy own Pattern, what kind of Men Philosophy makes, and do not trifle: By eating profit those, that eat with thee : By drinking, those that drink ; by giving place to all, yielding to, bearing with them ; thus profit them, and do not spew up in their Face thy own Flegm. *l. 3. c. 13. pag. 294.*

CHAP. 71. v. 4. All Loss or Gain derives.

What Loss ? that of the Man, the Loss of the modest, faithful one, &c. while he preserves that (which none can take from him without his leave) he does

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not count himself capable of being damnify'd in any other Respect, having nothing else but this to Save or Lose. To this purpose he cites a saying of *Socrates*, if any Man can hurt me, I do nothing; if I wait for any other to profit me, I am nothing. Here I shall add a Note omitted on the 37 Chapter.

You are a Man, *i. e.* a rational Creature and a social one: As rational, Lord of your Passions; as social, a Citizen of the World and Cousin to every individual Man: Do not then live voluptuously as a tame Brute, nor outrageously as a wild; but be just and kind to the Community, and to every Member thereof: For we were made for one another: Are you a Father? a Son? a Brother? a Young Man, or an Old? remember, what you are; for every of these Names duly heeded, will describe to you your relative Duty: But if you are any way unkind, abusive, or injurious, you forget what you are, and what's your Name. *l. 2. c. 10. p. 193.* But what do I lose by that? the Man, the Neighbor, the Friend, &c. the modest and faithful one: Is not that Loss enough?

CHAP. LXXII.

He praises no Man---- either as conscious, that he is not duly qualify'd to pass a judgment upon others, being as yet a Learner himself; or as wholly intent on his own Improvements, and so not at leisure; or not counting any thing besides Moral Endowments worth the praising.

Curbs all Desire---- for Desire in the strict sense of the Greek Word, being an impatient Extension of the Soul towards some remote and distant Object (for

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ἡρεσς comes from *ὑρέεσθαι* to stretch out or reach forth, as describ'd Chap. 21.) for a Man to use it thus, desire and long for things, which are out of his Reach, is but a Torment to him, and the Source of all those Evils, which make his Life burthensom and vicious, as he shews in *Arrian's Epict.* p. 386.

Wilt thou not deliver thy self from these things, Grief, Lamentation, Envy, &c. how shall I deliver my self? hast thou not often heard, that it behoves thee to remove Desire wholly, and turn thy Aversion to those things only, which are Subject to our Choice?

And no doubt in this sense it is, that he requires the total Extinction of Desire, *viz.* as it signifies a longing and impatient one; or unlimited and without Reserve: If God think fit, and as far as he pleases to concur with it. For certainly taking it in the ordinary Acceptation, several things, which he allows fit to be done, as getting an House, courting a Wife, begetting Children, without some kind of Desire cannot. And this here may be only a Repetition of what he had taught Chap. 7. all the Difficulty is to reconcile it with [*ἐπὶ παρόντι*] for hereupon may arise a Question, why at present? may I then indulge it more freely hereafter? No, this is more than he any where teaches. How then? if it be not sufficiently solv'd already, p. 81, 82. thus ---- practice well the Doctrine of Aversion, as there explain'd, this at present is Task enough; only I must advise you wholly to suppress Desire, *i. e.* to be very moderate in the Exercise of it, not at all to covet any thing with a longing and impatient Appetite.

But how does this belong to a Proficient? does not
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his wife and perfect Man do so too ? rather a Pitch beyond it. He totally abstains from the Use of those things, which are the Objects of other Mens most moderate Desires ; content with the bare Necessaries of Life he starves his other Appetites. So Desire in him as no Room. This makes him, a Divine Man (as said Chap. 21.) such was *Epicetus*, without Wife, Child, Lands, &c. Such before him *Diogenes*, in whose Person he describes the Character of a true Cynic, and perhaps his own in these Words

Seek Good within, if you would be, and thought
A blessed Man: How can I, having Nought ?
Naked and nasty, without House or Hearth,
A Slave and vagrant Son of Mother Earth ?
Lo, *Jove* hath sent me down to let you know,
'Tis feasible indeed ; I'll tell you how.
I have no Wife, Child, Servant, Court, or Hall ;
But Heaven and Earth and one Cloak is my All.
What want I yet ? am I not void of Care ?
A Free-man, Grief-less, and untouch'd by Fear ?
When did you see me fail in my Desire ?
Or light on ought, from which I did retire ?
When did I ever God or Man implead ?
How do I treat, whom you admire and dread ?
Is't not as Slaves ? and which of you has seen
Tears in my Eyes, or Sorrow in my Mien ?
Who seeing me, in shew so mean a thing,
Seems not to see me as his Lord and King ?
See there * a Cynic's stamp, big-crying Sound !
The bravest fure was ever heard from Hound.

* Ἰδὲ Κυνικαὶ φωναί, ἰδὲ χαλεπή. l. 22. p. 314.

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CHAP. LXXIV.

As one that would be impious — not only as violating therein the Dictates of Reason, which are God's Ordinances written on the Tables of Men's Hearts ; but as ſure one time or an other when things go groſs to thy Expectations, to murmur againſt Providence, and traduce (as ſaid Chap. 38.) its Adminiſtrations. He that purſues Pleaſures as good, and flees Pains as evil, is irreligious: For of neceſſity ſuch an one will blame the common Nature as diſtributing ſomewhat unworthily to the Wicked and the Good: Becauſe the Wicked do oftentimes enjoy Pleaſures, and poſſeſs ſuch things, as are the Cauſes thereof ; on the other Hand, good Men fall into Pain and the Efficients of it. Furthermore he that fears Pains, will fear ſome of thoſe things, which ſhall happen in the World, and that now is irreligious: And whoſo purſues Pleaſures, will not abſtain from doing Injury, and that is manifeſtly irreligious. *M. Anton. l. 9. Sect. I.*

To this may be answer'd, firſt, if he purſues the one as his Sovereign Good, and declines the other as his ſupreme Evil, it may be ſo ; for it does not ſeem agreeable to the Wiſdom and Juſtice of the Divine Providence to beſtow the beſt things on the worſt Men; and to leave thoſe, who are truly Good, to be depriv'd of them.

2ly, If he be not ſo wiſe as to conſider the Goodneſs and Clemency of the Gods: For they are gracious to the Wicked and cooperate with them to the gaining of ſome things, Health, Riches, Glory. So benign they are: thou may'ſt do the like ; or ſay,

who hinders thee. *l. 9. Sect. 8.* And what hinders me too from thinking and speaking reverently of God, tho he denies me the Good of Pleasure (that I mean, which for the Kind and Degree of it, may be innocently enjoy'd) or inflicts on me the Evil of Pain? for such I account each in some Respect to be, tho' neither such, as affects me in my main Felicity. For I believe him to be the Governor of the World, and a Lover of Mankind; as such, what if he rob me of an inferior Good, or lay upon me some such Evil? perhaps it is to correct me for, and cure me of my Faults. Perhaps to preserve my Innocence; for all Men cannot bear a flourishing Fortune. Perhaps to exercise my Vertues (as they also shew by the Example of *Jupiter's Dealings with Hercules.*) And if I think so (as why may'nt I?) what Cause have I to blame him? have I not rather good Reason to be thankful? Should I be angry with my Physician for consulting my Health, tho' by sharp and corrosive Applications? he withholds a small Good to secure a greater, inflicts a less Evil to prevent a worse. What Injury in this has he done me, that I should libel his Providence? no, say they, there is but one kind of Good and Evil in all. *i. e.* Virtue and Vice, and both are inalienably in our Power. Why should we fear and adore him then? for at this Rate he can do us no Harm, nor deprive us of any truly valuable and Human Excellency. Our Modesty, our Fidelity, &c. are our own, and, as himself has the Modesty to say [*ἐν ταύτῃς τῇ δυνάμει: δυνάμει ἐμβαλεῖν; ἐν δὲ ὁ Ζεὺς, ἐν δὲ ὃ ἦδελες*] out of this Possession who can eject thee? not *Jupiter* himself: For neither would he; but has made it to be in me, as he had it himself, irrestrainable, unforcible, subject to no Impediment. *Epiet. 3. p. 269. and l. 1. p. 85. πῶς περιέσονται ἐν δὲ ὁ Ζεὺς νικῆσαι δυνάμει.* But can he not infatuate

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fatuate thee? can't he throw thee into a raving Frenzy (as *Diana* is said to do by *Ajax Soph.*) what even a deep Melancholy, or high Fever may do. And if he does so, where is thy Modesty and Fidelity then? and thy impregnable Magazeen of right Opinions? For who can assure thee, when thou hast lost the Reason of a Man, that thou shalt not act like a Child or Brute? to speak strictly then, there is nothing at all absolutely in our Power, it is with our Reason and Virtues, as with our Body and other Externals, we are Masters of them no longer than he, who gave them, pleases. For a Fit of Madness, against which no Man can be secure, is too strong for them all, tho' the extravagant Effects thereof are not imputable to us; and does as truly deprive us of them, as if we had been beaten out of them by Force of Hands. So vain is it for Men to boast of their having any thing inexpugnable to *Jove* himself.

Again, when he bestows Health, Plenty, Liberty, Peace, if these be no real Goods, what have we to thank him for? for Men will hardly count themselves oblig'd to give Thanks for things, that are nothing worth, nor to pray and offer Sacrifice for Impertinencies, as all things extrinsic to our Wills, according to these Philosophers, are; or, to speak it to the best Advantage and in their own Word, Indifferencies. But is that, without which neither the World nor any particular Man can comfortably subsist, no Good? not in the least. For this Law God hath made, and says, if thou willest any Good, take it from thy self; thou say'st no, but from another: Nay, but from thy self. *Epict.* p. 158.

True, that, which is vulgarly so called, is the Good
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of my Body, or of my Estate, or of my Credit, or of the Polity, which I am Member of, but it is none of my Good. So for their Contraries, Sickneſs is the Evil of my Body, &c. but it is not mine : But this is childiſh and bantering : For it is, as if they ſhould ſay, we find ſome things to be ſo agreeable to the Reliſh of Human Nature, that the want of them is very ſore and troubleſom, that is, they are really Good or Evil ; but being they are not in our Power to procure or ſhun, we are reſolv'd to believe neither of them to be ſuch. So we ſhall be before-hand with Fortune, and defeat all her Deſigns upon us ; neither grieve, when we miſs the one, nor lament, when we fall into the other. And might you not do the ſame, without putting a Trick on your ſelves or others, by acknowledging them to be (what they are) Good or Evil of an inferior kind, tho' not influential on your main Happineſs ? for thus counting, a good Man may bear up chearfully under them, which is all that you aim at. How can that be Good or Evil, which does not make the Owners ſo, ſay they ?

What if it be not morally ſuch (as it is impoſſible it ſhould) may it not be on ſome other Account ? And what if ſome abuſe a good thing ? may it not be ſuch for all that in it's Nature and Tendency ? or what if virtuous Men ſuffer ſome Evil, or the vicious enjoy ſome good ? as long as neither is ſupreme, and Both Sorts may extract Advantage out of it ; the one be trained to farther Degrees of Vertue the other won by the Conſideration of Divine Clemency to reform their Immoralities, what Reflection is this upon Providence ?

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or evil without being impious; and must, if we would preserve our selves from being so: For the not counting them in some Respects to be such leads (as we have shown) to much Impiety. You see from this Principle, what a fine Complement *Epicetus* passed upon *Jove* himself; whom yet he makes to be the Governour of the World and Lord of all our Faculties. For to say of the Omnipotent Ruler and Bountiful Giver of all things, that he cannot dispossess us of our True and Proper Good, as if in the Prerogative of our Free-will we were independent upon and un-beholden to him for the Right Use of it; or he had instated it upon us by an irrevocable Grant, this looks (what shall I say?) not very respectful and reverent sure.

However, when his Thoughts are not taken up in the Contemplation of Man's being such an Arbitrary and Self-powerful Agent, he speaks very piously and religiously, as I have formerly shewed, and will appear more in due Place.

C H A P. 75. v. 1. How long delay, &c.

When thou sayst, I will take Heed to Morrow, it is as if thou should'st say, to Day I will be imprudent, absurd, low-spirited. Others shall have the Power to grieve me. To Day I will be angry and envious. See, what great Evils thou indulgest thy self in. But to Morrow it shall be well. How much better to Day? If it be expedient to Morrow, much more to Day, that to Morrow also thou mayst be able, and not put it off again to the third Day. l. 4. p. 427.

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Remember, now the Combat, &c.

Tarry, O wretched Man, be not carry'd away ; great is the Contest, Divine is the Work, it is for a Kingdom, for Liberty, for Felicity, &c. Remember God, call upon him to be thy Helper, as Sailors do on *Castor* and *Pollux* in a Storm. For what Storm is greater in that which proceeds from Strong Appearances, and such as are apt to juggle Reason out of its Throne ? For a Storm it self what is it but an Appearance. For remove the Fear of Death, and bring what Thunders and Lightnings thou wilt ; and thou shalt know, how great a Calm and Severity there will be in thy Mind.

Once giving Way, &c.

But if once worsted thou say, that thou wilt overcome hereafter, know again this, that thou wilt be so weaken'd and indispos'd, as afterward not so much as to consider, that thou dost amiss, but wilt begin to make Apologies for the Deed.

CHAP. LXXVII.

Fate (says *Simpl.*) is that efficient and motive Cause, which orderly passeth from God through all things. Otherwise called Necessity (as in the next Chapter) which leadeth all things willing and unwilling upward to the Divine Cause, *i. e.* to a Compliance with the Pleasure of God. And he, that willingly yields to, and readily follows it, bending his own Will without any Dislike or Reluctancy to the Will of God, in all things, which befall his own Person

son and the rest of the World, he is truly Wise; and rightly Understands the Nature of things, and the difference of the Whole and of the Parts; and Honours the Divine Power with due and decent Respects. Let us hear, how *Epicetus* Paraphraseth upon it.

Dare, looking up to God, to bespeak him thus —
 Use me for the future, as thou pleasest. I am of the same Mind with thee. I Refuse none of the things, which seem good unto thee. Lead me, whither thou wilt. Put about me, what ever Habit thou wilt. Wouldst thou have me to be a Magistrate, a private Man, to tarry, flee, be poor or rich? I will apologize for thee concerning all these things before Men. *l. 2. p. 217.*

CHAP. LXXIX.

This, with the Two preceding, have one and the same Drift, to teach us that heavenly Grace, which Divines call Resignation. *Epicetus* Wishes, that by the Practice of this and all other Vertues, he may be prepar'd for his last *Exit*; that on his Death-Bed he may be able to say unto God ---- did I ever accuse thee? or have I in any thing faulted thy Administrations? I have been Sick, and so have others; but I willingly. Thou willing it, I have been Poor, but rejoicing in it. I have not born Rule, because thou willedst it not. Didst thou ever see me the sadder for this? Did I at any time approach thee but with a chearful Countenance, ready, if thou commanded'st or signified'st any what, to comply with thee? Wouldst thou now have me to depart out of the Solemn Assembly? I go my way; all Thanks to thee, that thou hast vouchsafed me the Liberty to
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Solemnize it with thee, and to behold thy Works, and understand thy Administrations. These things while I think, write, and read of, let Death come upon me. *l. 3. p. 274.*

A Note omitted on CHAP. 34.

The Evil of Sin (for other he understands none) is not in the World either as a primary Production and designed Work of Nature, or principal Drift of Human Action, it being only an Aberration from the Scope incident to Man alone, who is cheated into Evil by a false Appearance of Good. I take it to be an Insinuation (of what expressly asserts, *l. 2. c. 26.*) that Men Sin involuntarily. For they aim well, but Shoot wide of the Mark. Therefore we should not be angry with them for the shrewd Turns, they do us, but convince them (if we can) that they are under an Errour; for while they think themselves in the Right, 'Tis impossible according to him they should do otherwise, being necessitated thereunto by the [*τὸ φαίνεσθαι*] the Appearance or seeming Fitness of it to be done, which is the Measure of every Action.

Terms and Phrases Explain'd.

For the help of Young Scholars, who are willing to Read the *Enchiridion* in it's own Language. *ὁρμη* and *ἀφορμή*. See Essay in the Index.

ἑρπεταίρεσις. See Exception.

Ὅρμη ἀπὸ πλὴν ὁρμῶν παντὶ ὅτι τὴ παρὸν ὁ ἀνελθε c. 7. See Deficit. *ἔαν ἔδωκε σοι πάρεσσι*. p. 83, 84.

φαντασία, *φαντασία* *πραχέια*, *χεῖρις* *φαντασιῶν*. See Appearance.

φαντασίας *καταληπτικῆς* *καταλαμβάνειν*. See Note on Chap. 67. p. 113.

τὸ συμπνεύσιον. Chap.

τὸ ἡγεμονικόν. Sident of Sensitive F

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Remove (Chap 7.) rary to the Poverty, E which is r Opinions, composing of right R of a contrar tion'd, not of a good and Pruder

Τὸ συμπλεγμένον & συνημμένον. See complicate. ἀρέσκειν
 πνλ. Chap. 30. See the Note on it. p. 103.

Τὸ ἡγεμονικὸν the Guide or Understanding; the President of the Soul, that prescribes to the Will and Sensitive Faculties.

Προαίρεσις the Will or Choice or Mind it self consider'd as under the Moral Government of Reason and endowed with a Freedom to chuse or refuse, as that dictates to it.

Κατὰ φύσιν according to Nature. i. e. Reason. προαίρεσιν καὶ φύσιν ἔχοντες τηρεῖν, to keep the will affected according to Nature, i. e. to live according to the Laws of our Being, or Reason, by preserving the Mind free from Guilt and all disturbing Passions; to avoid whatsoever is prejudicial to our Innocence and Peace, which is our natural Perfection, or that God, which Providence in creating us Reasonable Creatures hath made us capable of. As describ'd in the Note on Ch. 29. Par. 2.

Remove the Aversion from all things not in us (Chap 7.) and transfer it to those, which are contrary to the Nature of things in us, i. e. do not shun Poverty, Exile, Sickness, Death, or any thing else, which is not in our Power to avoid; but shun false Opinions, vicious Actions, and all intemperate discomposing Passions. For the Offices and Operations of right Reason are the things in us; and the things of a contrary Nature to these, are those before Mention'd, not that it is inconsistent with the Character of a good Man to Fence against them by all lawful and Prudent Means (for Health is more eligible than

than Sickneſs, Plenty than want, Life than Death, &c. When we have the Liberty to chuſe, ſays he) but that we ſhould not ſhrink at, or fly from them under the Notion of Evils. For this makes us doubly wretched, by Fear and penſive Apprehenſions at a Diſtance; by Sorrow and Deſpair, when they are, come upon us.

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CEBESs Table

In VERSE.

*Of the things, which are in me, none is
Lord; and as for those, which are not in
me, what care I for them? Epict.*

Walking in *Saturn's* goodly Fane one
Morn

'Mong many Gifts, that did the Place adorn,
A curious Painting, did my Eyes detain
Whose Meaning I unable to explain
Amas'd stood; when strait a Sage drew nigh
And offer'd to unfold the Mystery,
I bowed low, promis'd the strictest heed
While thus the hoary Worthy did proceed.

*Sage, 'The Donor of this Table Stranger meant
'This Gift, not for an empty Complement,*

M 4

'But

' But wisely in the Fable has design'd
 ' The highest Benefit to all Mankind;
 ' And all who rightly apprehend the same
 ' Shall bless th'instructor and revere his Name,
 ' Like those discerning Souls whose happy Art
 ' Solv'd Sphinx her Riddles and escap'd her Dart
 ' So Stranger you are blest or curst as you
 ' With Care observe, or slight what this doth shew
 ' This necessary Caution kindly take,
 ' Now I'll a ready Explanation make :
 ' See you that close about whose narrow Gate
 ' A numerous Throng of bustling Mortal wait
 ' For Entrance press. The Close does figure Life
 ' And these the Candidates their present Strife
 Is only room, that Antient painted there
 Is call'd a *Genius*, teaching how and where
 They ought to tread, to him if they attend
 They meet the Blessing of an happy End.

str. ' Oh how divinely great those Mortals are
 ' Who to obey his Dictates make their Care,
 ' But what enthroned fair is that extends
 ' Her lovely Hand, and to the Croud commends

' A Glas of Nectar, with obliging Grace,
Sage. Ah Stranger 'tis Deceit, her Nature's base;
 ' The Draught she offers with alluring Smiles
 ' Contagious is; she with soft Air beguiles
 ' The entring Tribe, who wanting Power to tast
 ' The baneful Juice, imbib't with eager Hast
 ' Not one but every Mortal more or less
 ' The tainting Potion Drink at their Ingress
 ' Next see you these in gayest tempting Dress
 ' These glistering Females who the Croud caress
 ' In differing Forms, these Stranger signify
 ' Opinions Passions &c. who the Tempers try
 Assiduouſly the entring Troop they wait
 For ev'ry Nature find a proper Bait,
 Some to a blissful strand are kindly led
 While others do the Paths of Ruin tread;
 Those did at first the sacred Truths discern
 The *Genius* taught these took no Pains to learn.

Str. ' Their Fate how I deplore; but *Sage* pro-
 ceed

' What blind mad Females that (*Sa.*) 'tis true in-
 deed

' She's

'She's mad and blind, the Jilt is Fortune hight
 'Who in enriching Fools finds her Delight ;
 'But seldom own the Wise bestows her care,
 'They meanly, if at all, her Bounty share ;
 'Yet round her Honour, how they gaping stand
 'And strive who first shall kiss her Golden Hand,
 'Her Favours with an ardent Zeal implore,
 'And then the Deity invoke her more
 'To their Requests propitious if She prove
 'Wholly they're hers nor value Heavens love,
 'But on her Vot'ries if She chance to frown
 'Like Lamps inanimate with Eyes cast down
 'They sighing stand, bemoan their angry Fate,
 'Nor see the good her flights will compensate

Str. 'Deluded Fools what Looks the Wretches
 Wear ;

'Grant me Blest Powers a Soul her Scorn to Bear.
 But to Return what mean you Frisp'ry Train,
 Of fawning Females, *Sage*, I Pray Explain.

Sage. 'These Tawdry things the Vices do dis-
 play,

'Who do to Fortune's Fav'rites Homage Pay.

'Invite

' Invite their strutting Worships to partake,
 ' The luscious Banquet sensual Pleasures make.
 ' Drunk with Deceit they post to Promis'd Joy,
 ' Gorge to Excess their greedy Stomachs cloy,
 ' Then surfeited like Beasts lie down and sprawl,
 ' Sleep, grunt and snore, then wake and yawn-
 ing call
 ' Their dear She Friends, but all in vain they find
 ' Their Pockets pick'd, not one poor soule be-
 hind :
 ' Betrayed thus the flatt'ring Jilts they Curse
 ' That drew them in ; but what alas is worse
 ' A meagre Crew of tattered She's appear,
 ' And dart the Wretches with a killing fear,
 ' Surrounded thus by ghastly Forms they stare
 ' On Pain and Sorrow then upon Despair,
 ' With all the dismal rest who pointing show
 ' That yawning horrid Cave you see below,
 ' The doleful Place of most consummate Woe ;
 ' Hopeless they go, just ready to descend,
 ' When lo yon serious Matron proves a Friend
 ' To their distressed Souls and shews them where
 ' A Refuge stands to save them from Despair.

This

This Dame's Repentance call'd she has the art
 Of giving comfort to a mourning Heart :
 By Her assistance may the objects rise
 To Glory's top if now they will be Wise;
 All that they've lost may gain, enjoy true Bliss,
 But if they slight Her sink to Hells Abyfs.

Str. 'Guard me ye Powers; now Sage I long
 to know

' Who these can be that wander to and fro,
 ' These study Musick Dialect with all
 ' The other Sciences we liberal call;
 ' Suppose themselves not less than Angels Wise
 ' Pufft with conceit, all other Men despise,
 ' Think poor Mankind beside not worth their looks
 ' The only Gods they Worship are their Books;
 ' Not that we ought in Ignorance to dwell,
 ' But light Divine, 'tis makes the Man excel.
 ' Learning is glorious, when it meets a Mind
 ' That's free, by narrow Notions not confin'd;
 ' But he's the greatest Fool that Earth can show
 ' Who never learn'd his own proud self to know;
 ' When *Diotrephes* in his easy Chair
 ' Expects all who approach him shou'd be bare,

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'On his Addressers casts a scornful Eye,
And if some meanly clad he doth espy
Ask what they want, in an imperious tone
They trembling say direction, pish be gone
His Reverence cries, I've other things to mind
Then these, go, go, some better Business find;
What Man of Soul at such an odious sight
Forbears to blush, and scorn the haughty Wight
Again to see a Pedagogue with lofty Mien
Against dull Ignorance disgorge his Spleen,
'Among his Neighbors o'er a Glas of Wine
'Of Morals talk, quote *Cato* the Divine,
'Eat, Drink, and Walk, (forsooth) by Grammar
Rule,
'Who wou'd but laugh to hear the formal Fool;
'But of all Learned Coxcombs none come nigh
'Your Poets for their Pride and Vanity;
'This of *Elizium*, that of Honour sings
'The ragged Rout in fancy all are Kings,
'Profess their Souls are of a turn too fine
'For common Conversation, cannot joyn;
'With dull Philosopher whose heavy Clay
'The Brightness of their Spirits does allay

'Up

'Up to *Parnassus* top pretend they fly,
 'And thence return with some confounded Lie;
 'Ill fated Fools whose Talent is their Curse,
 'And dooms the Wretches to an empty Purse,
 'His Gallows Wig and ratter'd Elbows show it,
 'Enough o'the sight, adieu poor Devil Poet.
 These few I've nam'd but there's abundance more
 Who think it right false Learning to adore;
 Advance a little then go back again,
 And ever in a wandring State remain.

Str. 'Lord; *Sage* I'm giddy, let the Rovers go,
 'While you the meaning of this Figure show.
 This Matron who without the close does stand
 With a grave Virgin on her either Hand,
 All Three genteely drest with modest Air,
 Their Habit decent, they divinely Fair.

Sage. 'True Wisdom is the Midmost of the
 Three

'These beauteous Virgins her two Daughters be
 'Truth and Perswasion nam'd whose blessed Art
 'Cleans the impure, new Vigor does impart
 'To those that their Directions will regard
 'Whose glad Submission meets as great Reward,

'For

'For having drank the Antidote they give
 'Strait do the Way to perfect Bliss perceive,
 'Look back their former filthy Paths detest,
 'And move now towards the Region of the Blest
 'The charming Fairs, first to the Virtues lead
 'Their pleasing Charge from thence they do pro-
 ceed

'To yonder glorious Height where you behold
 'Another Female on a Throne of Gold,
 'A lustrous Diadem adorns her Head
 'Her Royal Robe with Gems all over-spread;
Str. 'On the fair Sight with Pleasure how I
 gaze

'This glorious Prospect dullest Souls might raise
 'Who is the Royal lovely (*Sage*) who can it be,
Sa. 'You're too Impatient Stranger this bright
 She

'Is of Divine Extraction, bow when I
 'Pronounce her Name 'tis Queen Felicity
Str. 'I've heard her Fame, here when the Mor-
 tals come

'They've gain'd as I presume their wish'd for Home.

Sa. 'Well spoken Stranger the *Asylum's* Sound
 'The Victor's Pains with Virtues Power are
 crown'd;
 'Lord of himself the new made Mortals groan,
 'Nor longer shall the Conqueror live alone;
 'Divorc'd from all his Mistresses who late
 'His Fav'rites were, who begger'd his Estate
 'Divine Felicity comes to his Arms
 'A Spouse repleat with never-fading Charms,
 'As Seraphs blest the happy pair remain
 'Above the Fear of any future Pain;
 'Sometimes the fulsome Place he doth survey
 'Where he bewilder'd formerly did stray,
 'Beholds his *Quondam* Friends like Captives led,
 'By various Passions eagerly they tread,
 'Destructions Paths, nor ever strive to lose
 'Their shameful Fetters thus they Bondage chuse
 'Nor see the Freedom Wisdom wou'd bestow,
 'Cou'd they discern the Way they ought to go.
 Str. 'Why do the Virtues, his kind Bride-
 maid shew,
 This Native Place since that too well he knew.

Sa. 'No Stranger no, Deceit the Man possest,

'While there nor which was good or ill he gueſt ;

'Tis therefore fit his Gratitude to raiſe,

'Thus to reflect on all his wretched Ways,

Str. 'Ye Powers with what Delight he feels
the Shore,

'And calmly hears the ſurging Billows roar,

'But (*Sage*) does he not now thoſe Syrens fear

'Who once did ravenous Beaſts of Prey appear.

Sa. 'None, none, their utmoſt Rage he can deſy

'And ſafe amidſt a Neſt of Vipers lie ;

'In the *Corycian* Den ſecurely Sleep,

'His Sacred *Amulet* the Man does keep.

Str. 'Now tell me *Sage* what brisk gay Youths^s
are theſe

'From yonder Hill deſcending, how they pleaſe,

'Crown'd and triumphing, with an Air of Joy,

'Their grateful Voices, thankful Hymns employ

'But thoſe ball'd haggard Creatures, who are they

'With Sullen Looks while all the reſt are Gay ;

'Thoſe glorious crowned Youths the Prize have

won,

'Of Wiſdom true theſe Mourners are undone ;

N

'They

'They ne'er discerned Wisdom Charms till now
 'The slothful Sots wou'd ne'er to Learning bow;
 Nor to Instruction would they e'er attend,
 Doom'd by their Folly to a Dismal End,
 'Thanks worthy *Sage* for all your Favour shown,
 'And to the Mighty many; add this one,
 'To answer some few Questions I've to ask

Sa. 'This Stranger is to me a pleasant Task;
 'Begin, what is it you desire to know,

Str. 'If Life be in it self a real good or no:

Sa. 'I answer no, for if it were Men might
 'Be happy in their Miseries despite,
 'Nor is it evil, were it so what shou'd
 'He reap that spends his Life in doing good,
 'Since 'tis a gift all earthly Creatures share
 'Tis neither good nor evil I declare,
 'Health, Wealth, &c. are these not Blessings,
 (*Sa*) no,

In se they are not (Stranger) for you know
 'How many sensual Creatures Fortune loads
 'With Wealth: your Notion therefore this ex-
 plodes,

'For some who do the largest Share partake;
 'Of these bright Gifts themselves more Brutish
 make ;

One

One Query more can we our Fate resist
If no 'tis not my Fault I am unblest,
Why am I blam'd for Usury, for swearing why,
Or any other Crime, but a meer Engine I
Resolve me this 'twill be of highest Use,
And greatly to my Minds Content conduce;

Sa. 'Stranger you seem concern'd, I love your
Heat,

'It shows your Soul Divine and truly great,
'I answer then we have a Power to do,
'Good Works and ill this Doctrine's surely true;
'And as we act we shall rewarded be,
'With Bliss, if well, if ill, with Misery,
'Meer Engines if we were, or Hope or Fear,
'Were useless, Stranger let us curse and swear
'Sad Doctrine Friend wherever this is taught,
'No Wonder they do nothing as they ought,

Str. 'Dear Worthy I'm convinc'd, and ask no
more,

'Whate'er you've said my Memory shall store,
'My Blessing Stranger take, and so farewell,
'Live virtuous here, above in Glory dwell.

F I N I S

Colony Talk in Verse.

Our Country more and more our home
It is not my fault I am unblest
Why am I lonely for liberty, for freedom why
Or any other Cause, but a more English I
Believe this will be of highest use
A glory to my blind Country comes;
So, stranger, you seem concerned, I love you

It shows your soul Divine and truly great,
I am not then a slave a power to do,
God Works and in this Doctrine the true
And as we are we shall reward be

With this it will, it will be true,
These Engines if we have of hope or fear,
We are not, stranger, let us come and learn
And I believe I shall wherever this is taught,
No wonder they do nothing as they do,
And I believe I am convinced, and I am

What you've told me, I am sure, I am sure,
My English stranger take, and I believe,
The virtues here, above in glory dwell.

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